

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JULY 9 1952

6d

6d

PUNCH



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

CUT CAKES for cool customers



The true virginia smoker knows that the most expensive tobacco isn't always the best, nor the cheapest the most economical. He looks for the flavour of fine blending, the coolness of matured leaf, the long-lasting pleasure of a slow-burning tobacco. For such men Four Square straight virginias are made: Matured Virginia (RED $\frac{1}{2}$) and Cut Cake (YELLOW $\frac{1}{2}$).

FOUR SQUARE 'RED' 4/5½ oz.

A genuine aged-in-the-wood Virginia, cut from the cake, whose rich colouring is the measure of its maturity. A mild to medium tobacco of rare quality—cool, slow-burning and richly satisfying.

FOURSQUARE 'YELLOW' 4/1½ oz.

Cool and of medium strength—giving the long-lasting, economical smoke a modest budget demands. Made from selected leaf, cut from the cake, in broken flake form ready for the pipe.

The least expensive of all good tobaccos . . .

FOUR SQUARE

BY DOBIE OF PAISLEY

There are four other distinct blends:
a Mixtures, Navy Cut & Curly 4/5½d. and 4/1½d. oz.



This smart, fashionable Liberty shoe embodies the new tapered toe, which is as good looking as it is comfortable. You will like its graceful lines. Liberty quality shoes are an unquestionable economy.



LADIES' SHOE MANUFACTURERS
LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER



'A bright and healthy home in every tin.'



'Mansion' is made from the finest waxes obtainable, refined and specially blended to a consistency which makes application easy and economical. It ensures a hard and extremely lasting brilliance to floors and furniture and its thorough cleansing properties maintain the highest standard of hygiene in the home.

For Dark Floors use DARK MANSION



Features include:—
M.G. wishbone type independent front wheel suspension.
Piston-type hydraulic dampers.
Powerful hydraulic brakes.
Walnut fascia panel.
Leather upholstery.

ONE AND A QUARTER LITRE



SALOON

Safety first!
.. N

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: University Motors Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.I
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exporters Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.I

The classic British styling of the One and a Quarter Litre M.G. Saloon fits naturally into every setting with well-mannered grace and distinction . . . a country thoroughbred today, tonight a city sophisticate . . . Coil-spring independent front and well-damped rear suspension ensure comfortable cruising at sixty over the roughest of roads. A roomy saloon with sports car performance, this M.G. incorporates all the latest developments in design and construction without forsaking any of its traditional character.

When it's
an occasion...

Morning Suits for Sale or Hire



MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Gerrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES

What are they
talking about?



Open
Championship

No, they're not talking about the last putt. They're talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and really think about their gin drinks, always prefer Burrough's, because it is triple distilled. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate.

Delicious taken plain, Burrough's Gin also "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Price 35/9 per bottle; 17/7 per half-bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820

BURROOUGH'S *Gin*
BEEFEATER
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!
JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 CALE DISTILLERY, BUNTER ROAD, S.E.11





CABLES cancel distance

say it 'via Imperial'



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

B

For Town or Country



BENTLEY

The Silent Sports Car

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LIMITED, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Engine

Lubritection

with

HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

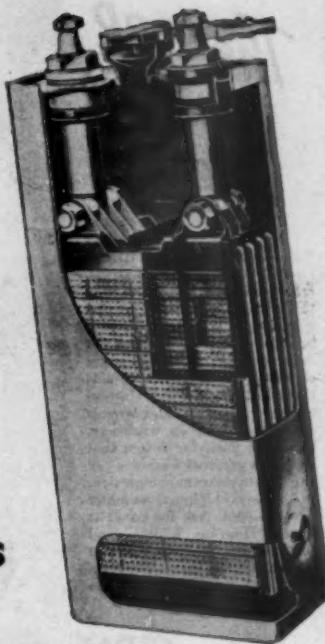
saves your car...saves you money

- 1 Cuts metal-to-metal wear
- 2 Protects against Corrosion
- 3 Gives instant Lubrication
- 4 Keeps Engine clean



Havoline is the only Motor Oil with a name that's a recommendation in itself... it has been tested, proved and acclaimed by Motorists in the U.S.A. and 29 other countries.

Your
fork
trucks
need
Nife
BATTERIES
OF STEEL



*Repay their original cost
many times over!*

Made of steel—container and plates—a Nife battery has great mechanical strength. The almost inert electrolyte is actually a steel preservative, so no deterioration, no self-discharge and no corrosion of terminals. In addition a Nife will withstand the heaviest rates of discharge. Maintenance costs are practically nil. Install a Nife—years and years of trouble-free service will repay you handsomely for your investment. (N.B.—Nife batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

- * Steel construction for long life
- * Complete reliability * Low maintenance costs

NIFE
STEEL BATTERIES

NIFE BATTERIES • REDDITCH • WORCESTERSHIRE



Valstar

The Aristocrat of Raincoats

AVAILABLE AT MOST FINE STORES
Write for the name of your nearest stockists to
VALSTAR LTD., 314 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Remington

**The World's
busiest
Typewriter**





Mr. or Mrs.—Who wins?

Mrs. likes Wisdom Natural Bristle toothbrushes. He doesn't hold with this new-fangled Nylon — he says Bristle is more springy.

He may be right. Certainly a lot of dentists recommend Wisdom Natural Bristle brushes.

Mrs. doesn't agree — she says Wisdom Nylon toothbrushes stay firm longer — a fact which every comparison test confirms. Anyway, both she and her husband are right to get Wisdom — the brush with the "correct-shape," preferred by most dentists for efficient cleaning. Bristle or Nylon, Wisdom are the best — no wonder they are twice as popular as any other brand of toothbrush! Bristle costs 2/3d. Nylon 1/8d. — both in three textures.



Baby's Wisdom, made of soft, silvery Nylon, is the ideal toothbrush for two-year-olds. It costs 9d. Older children need Wisdom Junior, a firm brush slightly smaller than the adult Wisdom. Nylon or Natural Bristle, price 1/-.

Visit the
DENTAL
HEALTH
EXHIBITION
London County Hall
19th to 26th July



Be wise—buy **Wisdom**

THE 'CORRECT-SHAPE' TOOTHBRUSH

The soap with a Secret

Bathe in the refreshing lather of CIDAL Soap and know that you are free, in a natural way, from the bacteria which ferment perspiration and cause unpleasant body odours. No ordinary toilet soap can do this. The secret of CIDAL is that it contains Hexachlorophene which cleanses the skin of bacteria and keeps it protected between washings. The same purifying action that gives you personal freshness can also help to clear the complexion, and protects children from minor skin ailments. Ask for CIDAL at Boots, Timothy Whites, and all other good chemists. If you cannot obtain CIDAL write for a free sample, enclosing the name of your nearest chemist.

CIDAL PURIFIES THE SKIN 1/-

J. BIBBY & SONS LIMITED, KING EDWARD STREET, LIVERPOOL 3

For moments like these . . .



...your "oxygen-clean" dentures
will put you at ease

YOU WILL NEVER be self-conscious about your dentures (or your breath) if you steep them daily in a solution of Steradent.

Steradent is specially made for dentures: to keep them "oxygen-clean." After steeping in Steradent they emerge spotless and sparkling; disinfected and deodorised; freed from disfiguring film, stains and odours: every corner and crevice thoroughly, safely purified by oxygen.



And "oxygen-cleaning"
actually costs less

Steradent
1/8d. and 2/8d.

WHITER TEETH FROM SCHOOLGIRL DAYS

Did you
MACLEAN
your teeth
today?

During the past three
years I have won many
beauty contests I have
used Macleans for the
(last ten years)
and I am
sure that
it has
given me
my
winning
smile

Miss M. O.N.
(Palmer's Green)

MACLEANS
Peroxide Tooth Paste
makes teeth

WHITER

IN THREE SIZES 1/3, 1/8 AND 2/6

Skin needs NIVEA



...the 9-purpose cream

ESPECIALLY IN THE SUN

Millions are basking in the sun... with Nivea to give a smooth, even tan. No other cream makes such a difference to your skin... and your purse. 9-purpose Nivea means value for money.

NIVEA IS ALL THESE THINGS ...

HAND CREAM

hands smooth as silk

CLEANSING CREAM

washes pure-deep grime

NIGHT CREAM

moisturises underlying tissues

POWDER BASE

especially for dry skin

Household Size 4/9, Popular Size 2/6, Handbag Size 1/6

NIVEA contains Eucerite, a unique ingredient to replace the natural protective oils of the skin



Popular
Size
2/6

BABY CREAM

for nappy rash and baby skin-care

SUN CREAM

for all outdoor enthusiasts

SOOTHING CREAM for winter
chapping, minor burns and abrasions

SPORTS CREAM

for massage and rough skin

A MAN'S CREAM

particularly for men's skin



Eno's on holiday
keeps
you fit

Going away? Or perhaps you are away?
Then remember that a dash of ENO'S
"Fruit Salt" in a glass of water is a pleasant
safeguard against holiday out-of-sorts.

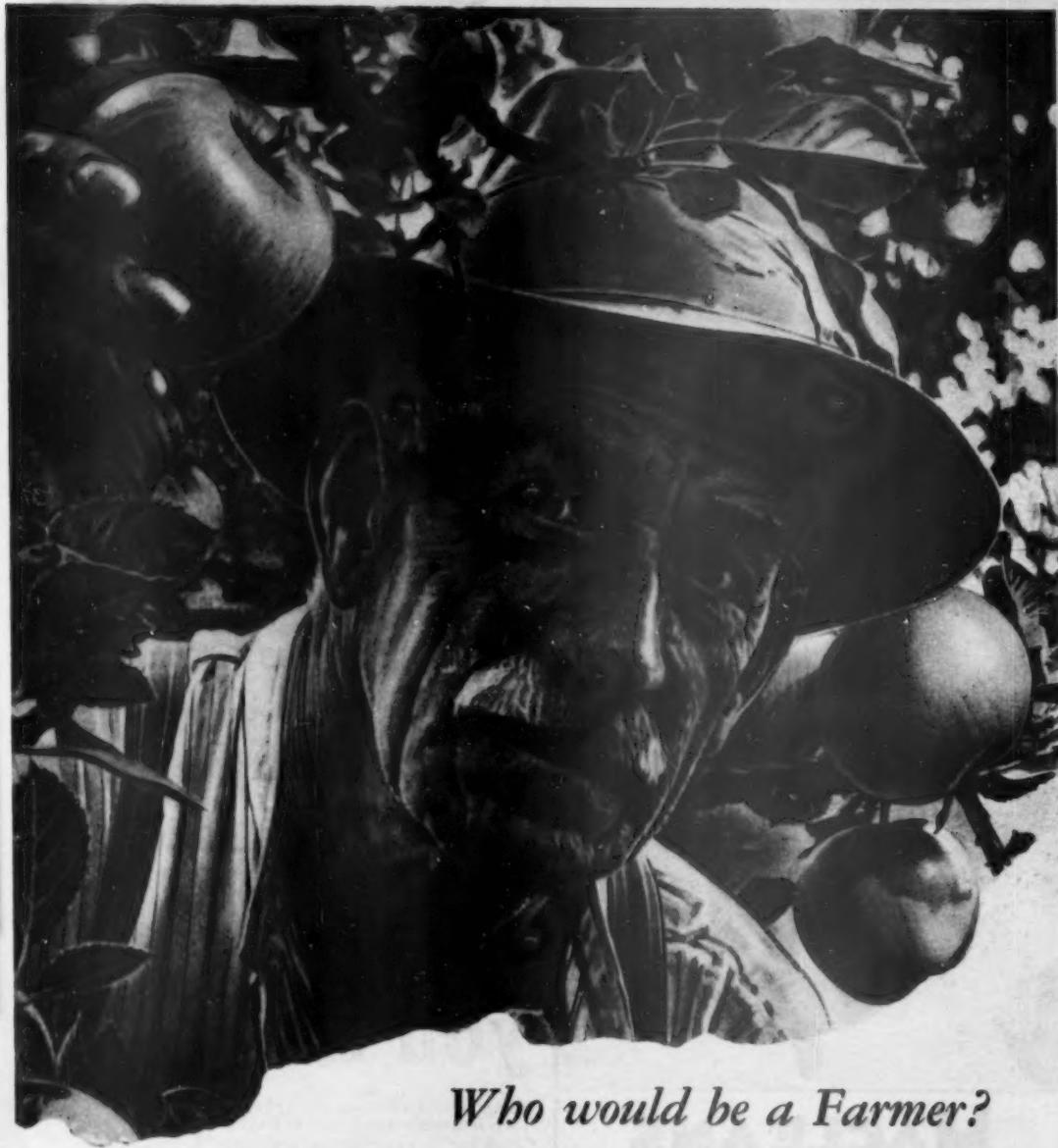
What is a holiday if you feel dull and tired,
headachy and all upset? ENO'S will keep
you regular despite change of air, change of
food, change of everyday habits. It is particularly
suitable for children. Keep ENO'S
handy, for yourself—and your family.



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.



Who would be a Farmer?

Insects are often a greater trouble than the weather in a farmer's life, but the development of new insecticides has made it possible for aphids, red spider and other insect pests to be brought more readily and more surely under control. Essential chemicals in many of these new insecticides are made by Albright & Wilson.



Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W.1

TUWIS

Take your DEXTER



Rainfall is heavy in July—and a Dexter is light to carry. The famous foxhead label in your Dexter attests its hidden worth—unmistakable as the faultless style, cut, and quality of the fabric. Proofed and tailored in Scotland . . . at leading outfitters everywhere.

"As British
as the weather
—but reliable!"

WALLACE, SCOTT & CO. LTD.
CATHCART, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND



A Tough Job *A job in a thousand ... degrees!*

A temperature of 1,000°F. is just one of the extreme conditions under which the sparking plug in your engine has to work. K.L.G. Plugs with their 'Corundite' insulation are built to stand much more than this. And to prove it, K.L.G. introduced this test of plunging clamp-held insulators into molten tin at 1,500°F. as one of their normal production checks.

Unusual care in manufacture makes

K·L·G

the best plug for the job!

a **SMITHS**
accessory for better motoring

P
PERFECTOS
EXCLUSIVE CIGARETTES BY
PLAYER'S
P.95 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

.. say **Bulmer's** for cider

Bulmer's . . .

- Is refreshing, sustaining and delicious
- Is the healthy drink to quench your thirst
- Is excellent value



2½ lbs. of apples to every flagon

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

BY APPOINTMENT TABLE SALT AND PEPPER
MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.



In Mansion or Maisonette

Cerebos

THE SALT OF HOSPITALITY

in every home



Drink
delicious

Rayner's
Lembar

all the year
hot or cold

Lemons

Glucose

Scotch Barley

Sugar



MADE BY RAYNER AND COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18

The Merchants
By Appointment to
the late King George VI
and the late Queen Victoria



What is teaconomy?

Some families economise by buying low-priced tea—and use more of it in an attempt to "bring out the flavour". Peculiar economy! A blend of better quality yields its full flavour and fragrance at normal strength. Turn to a new leaf and enjoy the real economy of one of Ridgways celebrated blends. For delicate yet pronounced flavour and aroma, spend 1/5d. on a quarter of Ridgways "H.M.B." (Her Majesty's Blend). A truly great tea—costing less to drink than many a "cheaper" tea. Or, for quick brewing, richer colour and bolder flavour, try Ridgways "Delicious" Small Leaf (1/2d. per 1 lb.).



RIDGWAYS LTD., OF THE CITY OF LONDON, 290-314 OLD STREET

CVD-12

Insist on *Kunzle*
Quality
TRADE MARK



Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND



Fresh ideas on every shelf!



Big Freezer Locker has ample storage space for frozen foods. Packed with over ice cube trays and one large dessert tray.



Dial Control has a wide range of settings between "coldest" and "off". Settings remain absolutely accurate irrespective of outside temperature.



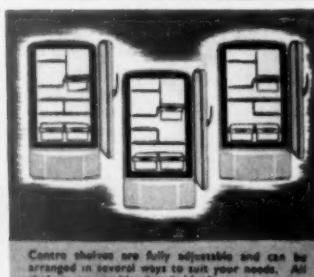
The warm large bread storage is provided with additional standing room for cold cereal boxes.



Big, clear-view Meat-Keeper drawer keeps meat or fish perfectly fresh at correct temperature and humidity.



Wide, deep, clear-view Vegetable drawers will keep a large supply of vegetables crisp and dewy-fresh.



Contra shelves are fully adjustable and can be arranged in several ways to suit your needs. All shelves are readily detachable for easy cleaning.

Here is the refrigerator that really has everything that women have ever asked for in refrigerator improvements. Packed with new ideas — exclusive features — and, most important of all, giving most storage capacity for the smallest possible outside dimensions. Everything is right — including the remark-

ably low price and the 5-year guarantee on the sealed, quiet-running refrigerating unit. Write now for fully descriptive folder and address of your nearest dealer to : The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, (DAS. 212), Domestic Appliance Division, East Lancashire Road, Liverpool, 10.

CAPACITY 7.6 cu. ft.



ENGLISH ELECTRIC[®] *family refrigerator*

BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING





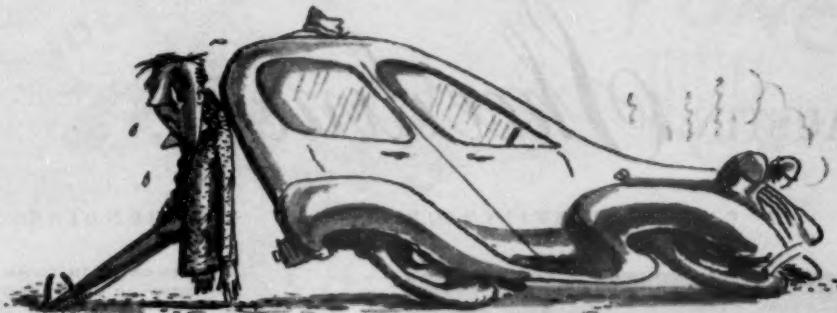
The welcome bustle of leaving moorings . . . and the settling into the fitful routine of a passage. The brassy glare of the sun . . . the infinite twinkling of the rippled sea. The 'chunk, chunk' of wavelets on the hull . . . and the baking stillness of a run before the wind. And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN



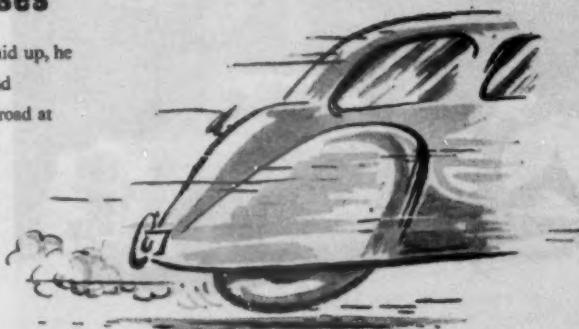
Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/- ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

ABDULLA & CO LIMITED • 173 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON W1



let's get back to horses

This woebegone chap doesn't like cars. Always laid up, he says. Throwing good money after bad. You spend pounds on repairs and you still get stuck on the road at midnight. Give me a home any day, he says.



THINK I'LL HAVE A WHACK AT THE RALLY

But this chap's car hardly ever costs him anything for engine repairs. Why? Because his engine is *clean inside*. He knows that motoring is by its very nature a dirty business. Road dirt gets into the oil and makes it abrasive. Dirt and water get into the petrol tank. Scale forms in the water passages. Gritty oil, dirty petrol and scale in the radiator mean trouble. Expensive trouble.

This fellow went to his garage and had his engine fitted with FRAM FILTERS. The FRAM OIL CLEANER ensures that his engine is lubricated with clean oil. (Whatever oil you use, FRAM is essential for getting rid of grit, dust and dirt. It does not destroy any of your oil's beneficial additives.) THE FRAM PETROL FILTER keeps water and dirt out of the carburettor system. The FRAM COOLING SYSTEM FILTER sees to it that the engine doesn't burn itself to early death with excessive heat. Have FRAM FILTERS fitted to your car to keep it running sweetly and to whittle your repair bills down to nothing.

Thousands of garages stock FRAM. If you have difficulty write direct to us. Prices with fitting kit : Petrol Filter 25/-; Cooling System Filter 63/-; Oil Cleaner 66/6 to 79/-. Your garage can fit all three in a few hours.



FRAM filters

Add years to the life of your engine

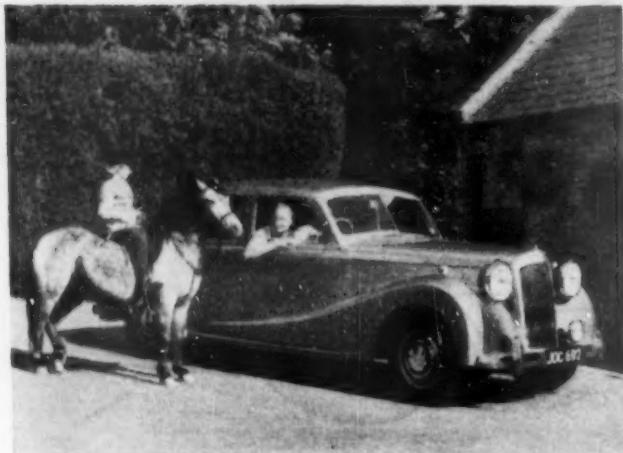
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Distributed by STENOR LIMITED · KEW FOOT ROAD · RICHMOND · SURREY

八四

THE AUSTIN Sheerline....

A CAR OF DISTINCTION IN ANY SURROUNDINGS



GRACE IN THE COUNTRY. The silent Sheerline keeps the peace of the country lanes. There is luxurious comfort for passengers and plenty of room for luggage, golf clubs or a picnic hamper for the point-to-point.

THE Austin Sheerline is a car which makes an immediate appeal to the man who appreciates a fine piece of precision engineering. Everything about the Sheerline is in the best British tradition of craftsmanship and design. This is a car which quietly and unobtrusively caters in every way for the comfort and convenience of the critical motorist.

Among the many Sheerline luxuries are: 125 b.h.p. O.H.V. 6-cylinder engine; hypoid rear axle giving flat floor; radio; fresh air heating; walnut veneer panelling; generous armchair seating, upholstered in finest leather.

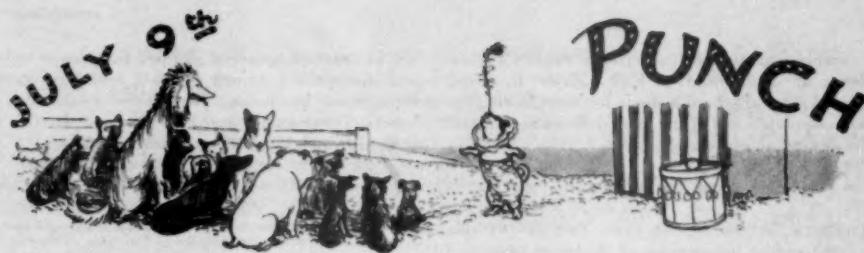


AUTHORITY IN TOWN. The Sheerline is conservatively distinguished. Its speed and efficiency impress wherever it takes you.



POWER ON TOUR. The Sheerline is made for the motorist who likes to travel fast and far. It has the power and comfort that make it a pleasure to go on tour.

A U S T I N - y o u c a n d e p e n d o n i t !



CHARIVARIA

PARADOXICALLY enough, the appointment of Mr. Gromyko as Soviet Ambassador in London must be regarded as a tribute to his negative qualities.

Mr. J. Arthur Rank recently converted a basement room under his Odeon, Leicester Square, cinema into a television studio, and moving pictures of fashion models, posing before the TV cameras, were projected on the screen in the cinema above. The experiment met with such success that a scheme is now afoot to cut costs and improve reception by holding the next fashion display *actually on the Odeon stage itself*.

Dr. Hans Prager, a director of the Italian firm exporting oil from Persia in the tanker *Rose Mary*, is reported to have said after an interview with Dr. Mousaadek: "The talks were most fruitful. Tankers will soon be pouring into the Persian Gulf." Well, the waters in those parts are pretty troubled.

There must be many people who find it difficult to keep abreast with the news just now. Political, scientific, social, sporting, economic, it crowds upon us bewilderingly. Are we really, we ask ourselves, getting the fullest, latest and best available information on *Rose Mary*, South Africa, Korea, sponsored television,

the cheese shortage, Helsinki, the Republican Convention at Chicago, housing, steel, Everest, the moustache-cloth movement, the special problems arising from the inter-quadruplicate character of Berlin? It is a huge field, and both newsprint and time are limited. Fortunately a solution is hinted at by the poster outside the Argus Press building in Temple Avenue, London: "It's all in THE BICYCLE."

First Aid Hint
"Prohibitions: Line 2. After daggers; insert fresh and dried fruit.—(Supplement No. 7)." Post Office Guide

Some perplexity has been caused by a report that Britain has bought three thousand tons of pig-iron from Chile, thus reversing the long-established custom under which Chile has always bought pig-iron from Britain. An explanation may be that this is part of a Board of Trade plan to boost future exports by letting Chile have three thousand tons of pig-iron cheap.

The second issue of a new periodical, *Equitation and International Dressage Review*, carries several appreciative messages from readers of its first, among them an expression of pleasure at editorial frankness in criticism of riding displays. This frankness is admirably maintained in the current notes on individual



performances in the British Horse Society's competitions at Badminton: "FITS—*Major R. Hern*. Horse and rider appeared a shade too tight during the dressage display, robbing the more difficult movements of the desired elegance and grace."



Publicity for the British Food Fair at Olympia offers visitors the inducement of titbits to taste and samples to take home. A wise move would be to wrap the samples in distinctive covers; otherwise, once on the larder shelves, they will be indistinguishable from the ordinary weekly rations.



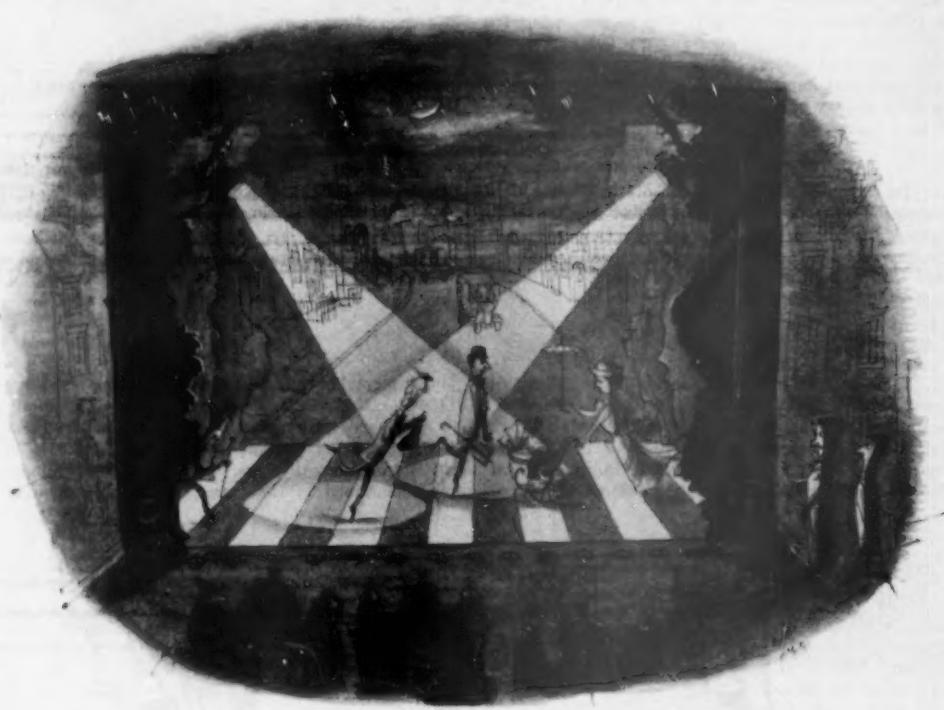
A newspaper story has told how, after crashing a large black saloon car at fifty miles an hour, the occupants scaled walls, climbed railings, crossed waste ground, got into the Tower of London and out again,

hid in deserted wharves, jumped from barge to barge and disappeared among bombed buildings—pursued throughout by police, Beefeaters, schoolboys, Sea Scouts, Tower guards and Dutch sailors. By this time they are probably back at Ealing studios.



"There began now in 1947 a new series of eight meetings over the next two years, usually at intervals of two or three months and always with the same man. The meetings were in London and in either one of two public houses—the Spotted Horse in High Street, Putney, or the Nag's Head at Wood Green. If for some reason one of the two conspirators failed to appear, then it was understood they should meet precisely a week later at the same place. Should the rendezvous fail a second time then they would meet at the alternative public house a month later. If once again this failed, they would come back again to this second public house the following week. In 1948 they made a further arrangement in case all these appointments should go wrong: Fuchs would go to a private house in Richmond which was pointed out to him and there throw a periodical over the fence. He was to write a message on the tenth page."—*The Sunday Times*

"See you same time, same place"?



"Ah, yes, I heard they were to experiment by lighting them up in various ways."

CRAKLEBREAD

MY wife said to get Craklebread, which was made by Richard Moss-White; you couldn't fail to recognize it by his individual signature on each greaseproof packet. There were imitations, made by combines, but it was obvious they couldn't get all their signatures on a greaseproof packet. She almost said they didn't try. There were also two blue stars, one before Richard, and the other after White. She didn't think it egotistical. It cost two and a penny, and I owed the housekeeping three and sevenpence.

The shop said it was two and tuppence ha'penny now, which pleased me because it meant I owed the housekeeping three ha'pence less, also because I like the fine, frugal sound of ha'pence. I identified the two blue stars and the signature between them; my wife was right about the signature, there was no hint of the mountebank in it. It was the sort of thing that ends a well-considered business letter, and comes just before the typed initials of the secretary who wrote it. When the packet was put on the counter I heard a little squeal and supposed I'd trodden on a dog, but found it was Mrs. Berryman, who is no kind of an underdog and carries a lorgnette to prove it. "Why, Clement," she said (and I have put it in to show that I'm known by my christian name to a woman who carries a lorgnette), "you've got Craklebread! How thoughtful of you, I had nearly forgotten it." "It's two and tuppence ha'penny now," I said, "but I have to have it to keep down the surplus fat, which is affecting my heart, I think on the principle that the kneebone is connected to the jawbone and so forth, but I do not sing about it." "The kneebone is not connected to the jawbone," said Mrs. Berryman, "in any sense except that in which all men are brothers. But it is sad that you should be having that sort of trouble with the heart, at your age. But thank you for reminding me about Craklebread; it is almost the

most important thing." I smiled through her window-pane, and received the salute of an almost imperceptible lowering, a gesture which I thought resembled a question mark when printed in certain kinds of type. Then I went into The George, but first I had to go back to the shop because I had left the Craklebread on the counter, and I met Mrs. Berryman coming out with a basketful of it, which seemed to indicate another hyphen for Richard Moss-White.

They were playing darts and dominoes in The George, but there were not enough sets to go round, so some people had to talk, which is so much harder than dominoes and goes best with darts, where it can serve some purpose like saying "Double-top, partner," or "Whitewash." There wouldn't be much sense just standing in a pub saying "Whitewash," which is why people play darts. There was a woman at the bar whom I'd never seen before, and who looked at me as though I were a long-lost handbag. "Craklebread," she said, "Richard Moss-White's Craklebread! Arthur!" Her husband was caught badly with some peanuts half-way to his mouth, and he showed what an indecisive character he was by not knowing whether to swallow them or put them back. He did neither, and I think he deserved her contempt. "Arthur, we haven't bought any Craklebread! Please go back to the shop and get some; it's two and a penny, and you owe the housekeeping three and sevenpence." "Excuse me," I said, "it's two and tuppence ha'penny, although I don't doubt he owes the housekeeping three and sevenpence." I could see him trying to be rude, but he couldn't manage it any better than the peanuts. I was glad when he went. "Richard Moss-White was a great friend of ours," said the woman, "I think Craklebread is simply wonderful, don't you? Of course, Richard invented it and patented it or whatever it is you do, and made it the household word it is to-day, but it isn't his any longer, as I expect you know. He sold it to that dismal Balt." This took quite a long time to sink in. During that



time Arthur had come back with several packets of Craklebread. "I was telling this young man," said his wife, "about Richard Moss-White being a friend of ours, and how we swear by Craklebread, although, of course, it isn't Richard's any longer." That was when it sank in. "You mean," I said, "that he's still signing those packets although it isn't his?" "Yes," said Arthur. "What's wrong with that?" "Of course, he doesn't sign them," said his wife, "it's just a mechanical process, although Richard used to write like that when he was young. He sold the name with the formula, of course. Goodwill." "There is no goodwill about it," I said. "It is just plain imposture." I picked up my shameful package and went out, but first I covered it with a newspaper, because I did not want it to give rise to any more discussion.

When I got home my wife said "What have you been saying to Mrs. Berryman? She stopped here on her way home and told me that I must take great care of you. She left these; she said you had only bought one packet and your need was clearly greater than hers." "These" were two more packets of Craklebread. I put my own down with them, and Richard Moss-White's name shone in a firmament of blue stars. "You don't know how deceitful the world is," I remarked.

THE BROODY

MY head and hardest-working hen
Is broody in my hour of need.
She made indignant noises when
I tried to turn her out to feed.
Her broodiness was manifest
In the besotted look she wore:
And she had laid in this same nest
Only six hours before.

In six hours something had occurred
To change abruptly what had been
A placid, quiet-spoken bird,
A fruitful creature of routine,

Into this fury that I saw,
From some strange fever in the
blood,
Sit glaring on the golden straw,
Obsessed with motherhood.

Frustrate desire in any mind
Is cause for grief, and nearly all
The immortal longings of mankind
Are less direct and logical:
But I am not concerned with
that—
My hens are there to pay their
way—

Her eggs are sterile, though she
sat
From now till Judgment Day.

So she must lodge on beds of wire
Too cold and hard to let her
brood,
With water to allay her fire,
But very little solid food:
She must be purged of her offence,
As all must be who deviate
And let their instincts oust their
sense
Of duty to the State.

P. M. HUBBARD

SITUATIONS VACANT

MR. STROMBOLI, our careers master, is a first-class man. He runs the Junior Training Corps, the Senior Choir, the Tuck Shop and the Leisure Hour Book-binding Society, all with exemplary efficiency. He has only just taken over Careers, and when the Head gave out in prayers that boys-who-had-not-quite-made-up-their-minds-what-they-were-going-to-do should see Mr. Stromboli in the air-raid shelter in the lunch hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays, considerable interest was aroused.

Stromboli set up a kind of office in the air-raid shelter, rather like a small Customs shed. There was a table where you went in, and a chair so that you could sit down and fill in forms; and there was an alley-way made of athletics hurdles to guide the less able boys down to another table, where Mr. Stromboli himself was sitting. When the boy got to the second table he was asked if he had anything to declare, such as General Certificate of Education, with Pass in Woodwork at Ordinary Level, or Special Interests: Shotputting and Geography. Then he was asked some searchingly vague questions, and out he came by the door at the other end, with something like five or six hundred a year almost in his pocket.

As the term wore on Stromboli's

fame increased and a lot of boys—who-had-already-made-up-their-minds-what-they-were-going-to-do decided to see Stromboli and find out whether there wasn't an easier way of doing it. Finally everyone was placed in something advantageous, even Hulk, J. G., of the Middle Fifth, for whom Stromboli had rediscovered a forgotten colony which was crying out for people like Hulk, J. G.

The stream entering the air-raid shelter on Tuesdays and Thursdays dwindled to a trickle, and at last dried up altogether; and it was one Friday evening, when I happened to be passing, that I saw Waddell, the chemistry master, coming out of the door at the far end, followed a few minutes later by Drogue, the senior classics man. I was busy that evening, and by the time next Friday came round and Stromboli fixed me up in an advertising agency, starting at £1,200, practically the whole staff had handed in their resignations. In fact I think I was the last, and I felt a little awkward about breaking the news to the Head.

Naturally enough he seemed rather preoccupied and looked as if he had aged somewhat in the last few days. He appeared scarcely to be listening as I stumbled through the piece I had rehearsed about the rising cost of living and always

looking back on the old place, etc., etc.

"Hm! Hm!" he said. "Well, you'd better see Mr. Stromboli about it."

I had to tell him again that I was resigning. I said I was starting in an advertising agency at £1,200 a year, and this seemed to get home.

"£1,200?" he said. "That's very fair for a man of your experience, Bullett. The firm I'm joining have offered me £2,450, but of course it is a post of considerable responsibility. A quite exceptional post, Stromboli assures me . . ."

"Yes, sir, I see," I said. "So my resignation——"

"Should be handed in to Mr. Stromboli. He—ah—he's taking over from me."

I couldn't find Stromboli anywhere, so I thought I would go along to the air-raid shelter. There were several people standing about by the entrance door, including Mr. Farnish, the clerk to the Governors. I thought I would slip in the other way, but when I reached the door the chairman himself, Sir Arnold Pobjy, was just coming out. He was rubbing his podgy hands together and looking immensely pleased. "Splendid! Splendid!" he was saying to himself. "Just the job!"



THE STATESMEN

Rhodes: "So little done . . ."
Smuts: ". . . so much to do."

[July 8 was Cecil Rhodes Day. A resolution for a Memorial to Field Marshal Smuts has been adopted by the House of Commons during the last week.]

Ready for Helsinki?

IN athletics as in ball games success depends very largely on morale, and morale-boosting is now an essential element in the training of men and women competing in the Olympic Games. Who are the morale-boosters? Well, the coaches, the trainers and the worthy officials of the Amateur Athletic Association, in their quiet and efficient way, manage to inject a fair amount of confidence into their charges, but the Press too has its part to play and this article must be considered a failure unless it improves the times and distances of our athletes at Helsinki by fractions of seconds and inches.

Other countries, be it noted, have been morale-boosting steadily for months, and we have had to contend with a regular influx of news-items of (roughly) the following character:

"A message from Los Angeles states that in unofficial trials at least eight U.S. athletes have recently bettered 10·2 secs. in the hundred metres. We understand that the trials were held against a head-wind approaching gale force and a gradient of one in ten, and that the athletes sprinted in track-suits and gum boots."



"The Russian contingent for the Olympic Games will not be selected, *Praeda* reports, until the completion of the trials now being held in Siberia. It is impossible to estimate the standard of Russian track and field performances, since times and distances are never published, but the Moscow Bureau of Olympic Prowess claims that three hundred and seventeen world records have been broken since May."

"Steaks will be flown from Buenos Aires to Helsinki daily during the Olympic Games."

"To the Editor of the *Daily* — Sir.—Some of your readers may like to know that at Accra last month I saw fifteen coloured boys jump well over seven feet on a cindered recreation ground. They were using the old-fashioned 'scissors' style and wore no shoes. The Gold Coast team should certainly be worth watching at Helsinki . . ."

Our own methods have been less

blatant and obvious, but no less effective perhaps—

"Jolly Roger Bannister, crack milester, won the half-mile in convincing style."

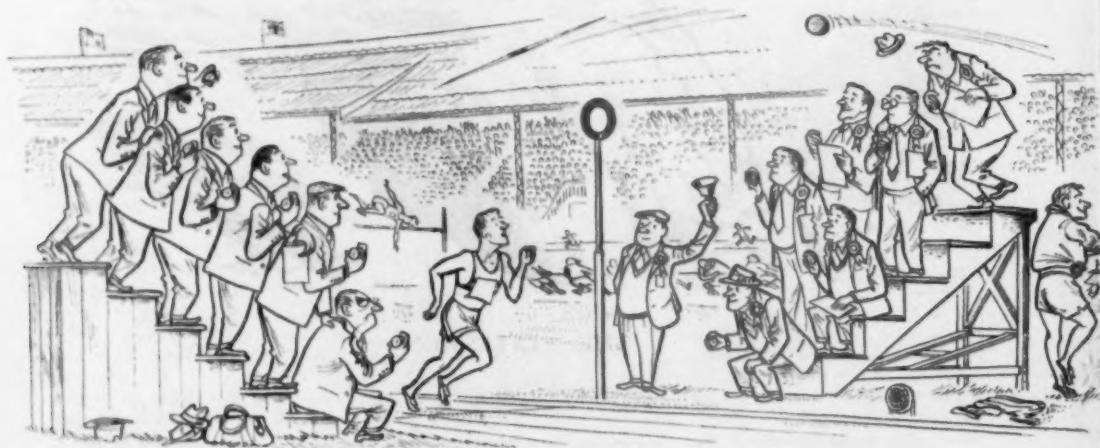
"C. J. Chataway, British hope in the 5,000 metres, won the mile without being pressed and finished as fresh as a daisy."

"Leading British hammer-throwers competing in the 440 yards hurdles at the White City last night came within an ace, etc., etc. . . ."

Clever stuff in its way. And this is not all: every member of the British team has received an invitation to compete at Helsinki personally signed by the Duke of Edinburgh, and has been issued with a becoming snap-brim hat banded in red, white and blue.

Our team of sixty-six specialists (fifty men, sixteen women) is nearly full of confidence.

This is of course an age of specialization in sport: the gifted all-rounder has little chance against the scientific approach of the one-track expert, and the day when W. G. Grace could leave Lord's for an hour or so in order to compete in (and win) a hurdles race, or when C. B. Fry trained for the long jump on cricket, football, boxing, rowing, tennis and billiards seems infinitely remote. At that time training meant little more than a liberal application of embrocation and a



vast consumption of raw egg, and coaching was a system of horse-drawn locomotion. To-day, training and coaching are based on a careful study of anatomy, metabolism, nutrition, the mechanics of propulsion, kinetics, aerodynamics and, of course, applied psychology.

What chance have our sixty-six specialists of improving on Britain's record at Wembley in 1948? All we need is one victory, one gold medal; and we are likely—joking and propaganda aside—to get several. Traditionally, our brightest hopes will be the middle-distance events. Since 1806, when the Games were revived at Athens, British athletes (male) have won only fifteen of the two hundred and thirty-odd Olympic track and field titles, and nine of these have been victories in the 800 and 1,500 metres. We have only one sprint victory to our credit (Harold Abrahams' in the 100 metres at Paris in 1924) and only one hurdles triumph (Lord Burghley's at Amsterdam in 1928), and it is natural enough to ask why. Why do the

Americans romp home in the sprints, and why have the Scandinavians so often managed a clean sweep of the long-distance titles? Why are our successes usually limited to the metric mile and half-mile?

The answers are obvious, I think. It so happens that three-quarters of a mile is the average distance between a suburban dwelling and the nearest British Railway station. Bannister, Eyre and Naukeville, and Evans, Webster and White get their stamina from the long line of black-coated workers who have trotted, bowler-hatted and benewspapered, for the eight-forty-five and nine-fifteen trains to Waterloo and London Bridge. They get their fine turn of speed in the home straight from generations of City workers who have sprinted unavailingly up the incline to Platform Two.

It is as simple as that—and only the churlish will remind me here that E. McDonald Bailey has been returning some remarkable times for the hundred yards this year.

All Americans have cars (or horses), so they never have to run much farther than to the garage, the corner drug-store or the old corral, and this explains their fleetness of foot in the sprints. The Scandinavians, on the other hand, are accustomed to enormous journeys on foot; they are always loping round lakes and fiords and across mountains.

Like you, I am hoping that the



events of the next few weeks will demand a revision of these principles. If so I shall point out that as a nation we have had plenty of practice during the past few years in clearing hurdles, dashing through crises, leaping across gaps and over restrictions, driving for exports and hurling abuse. And if we should win the Marathon I shall explain that no country on earth has trained its inhabitants for this dour and arduous event more carefully than Britain, the modern Sparta. (Pheidippides was an Athenian? Oh well, then.)

And now it is up to Team Captain Whittle and his gallant band. The morale-boosters can do no more.

STOP PRESS

British athletes at the Olympic Games will be provided with specially reinforced running vests, which, it is said, stand up to the wear and tear of repeated tape-breaking much better than cotton, wool or rayon.

Arrangements have been made to supply the British athletics team at Helsinki with daily supplies of English cabbage and coffee.

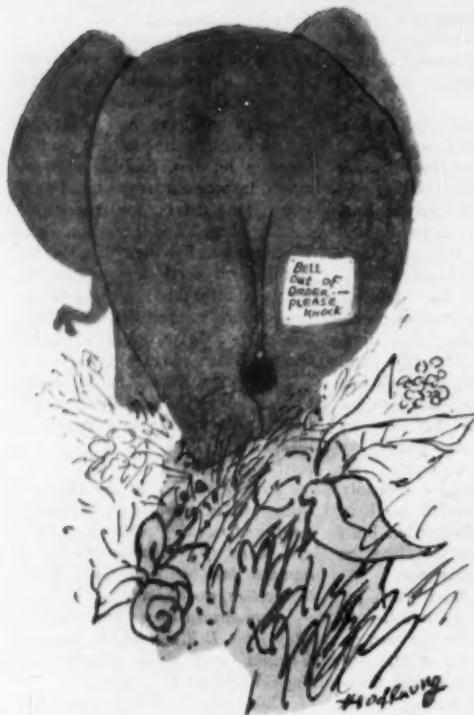
Gold, silver and bronze prices fell sharply in London to-day in anticipation of a record influx of the metals from Helsinki after the Games.

That should keep them going until July 19.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



SCORPION-GRASS



RED Antares burns at the heart
of Summer's sign in the Zodiac wheel,
Scorpio, hoping to plant his dart
once again in the Hunter's heel.

Hoping to trammel her sandalled feet
in lanes where Summer is sure to pass,
in the roadside dust,
in the noontide heat,
you hug the verge, as the humble must:
mouse-ear she calls you, scorpion-grass.

Are you named after the desert scourge
because of your spurs, as some allege?
Or the constellation, as others suppose,
Summer's own, by your wayside verge?

In the green nebula of the hedge
burst the stars of the briar rose.
Hotter than Venus, fiercer than Mars
the poppies throb. But the child's eye knows
where to look for your small blue stars.

Ah, when Orion the Hunter stalks
back from the snows,
and Scorpio
scuttles away to Southern skies,
scorpion-grass, I will see you—so—
trampling the verge where Summer walks
her sandals crushing you, mouse-ear . . .
what
else did she call you?
Forget-me-not.

R. C. SCRIVEN

S E

A PEELING NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE

THE Ministry of Labour ought to organize rehabilitation courses for returned holidaymakers. How much production must get lost while tanned faces gaze in remote wonder at means of livelihood and try to guess their relevance to life. Life, they have just proved, is either inactivity or furious activity but never steady and rhythmical activity. Nature intended the British to be loungers in the sun; probably, during some early migration, a sea-god who had quarrelled with Nature turned our balsa-wood rafts in the wrong direction. It is unnatural that I should be sitting at a typewriter; I feel treasonable to my race.

It has taken me two short walks and one long snooze to move on from paragraph one to paragraph two. My typewriter exists in a different world from Flora, Fauna and Cuisine. It is squat and black and urban. It would be even more out of place in a punt than a gramophone. A newspaper astrologer says that for me this week will be "a marvellous opportunity for concentrated effort." In the garden the canvas of a

deck-chair flaps invitingly. I have forgotten my way about the dashboard of my machine. I have also forgotten the English language and keep writing sentences that use gerunds in a most unEnglish way. I do not think I shall seize the opportunity for concentrated effort; I shall begin with something diluted, like sending the picture postcards I was enjoying my holiday too much to write. The views will look all right, though the postmark may seem odd; my friends are the kind who read postmarks carefully. I prefer to read whodunits. Somehow I have read one since I began this paragraph. I have also shifted the deck-chair several times about the lawn to catch up with the shade.

After a good night's sleep I could easily imagine that I was back among the pines. The *cacoethes scribendi* of yesterday has died down or healed up or whatever it is that they do. When you have been dreaming that whenever you plant a firework it comes up as a flower, an unbridgeable gulf seems to separate you from the previous day. Probably the best way of

bridging a gulf is with a suspension bridge. Of course, if the gulf is the Gulf of Mexico a suspension bridge would sag in the middle. The problem does not concern me personally as I am unlikely to go to Mexico for my next holiday: I should get more concentrated fun by spending £25 in Manchester. I have heard its Free Trade Hall highly praised, and that not only by Free Traders.

On picking up my task after two bus-rides and a cinema I find it quite impossible to distinguish the ground-plan. How did we get to Manchester? Sheer escapism probably, like trying to decide whether you have ever met an escapism that was not sheer. I am supposed, it comes back to me, to be discussing rehabilitation after holidays, not planning for further frivolity next year. Next year? Surely an autumn holiday is really a necessity: one must store up health for the winter. Most of my friends have not yet gone away and, as their picture postcards drift in, I shall be carried forward to planning, not back to nostalgia. October tints, now. If you have seen the country in June is there not a kind of moral compulsion to get aesthetic pleasure from noticing how the green has changed to golden-brown?

The important things, my encyclopaedia tells me under the heading "Philosophy," are Truth, Beauty and Goodness. Not a word about Productivity or Keeping the Wolf from the Door. I do not quite see how Truth can be worked into a discussion of holidays, at least without more effort than I feel like making; but they are full of Beauty and Goodness, the Goodness of Goodies



"I'll take that one."



"Is that you or me?"

and Good Fellowship, and Good Companions for the Butlin-minded. Taking my stance upon the highest pinnacles of human thought, I can see no logically convincing reason for restarting work. Lazing in the sun is reality, the rest of the year is but shadows, and only a really remarkably corrupt and inefficient philosopher would back the shadows. I do not believe a thinker who sided with shadows would ever get a professorship, even from one of those postal universities that get beaten up in *The Spectator*.

How I envy women! As soon as a woman re-enters her home she starts the wheels turning. Food appears: laundry is dealt with: the household routine begins. To a man, this power of acceleration from rest is astonishing. Women must keep some part of the mechanism ticking over all the time. Probably only men get the best out of a holiday. This ability to relax completely, to build up great reservoirs of potential energy, is what has got men where they are. After all, it is still a man's world. The completeness of the relaxation certainly increases the difficulty of changing the energy from potential to actual; but I can feel it there, lying about the back of my mind like great containers of explosive. One day the energy will erupt, astonishing everybody, in particular me. At the moment I feel that I am not quite ready to make the best use of it. I must ease back gradually into activity.

In pursuance of this plan I have punctuated these last few lines with long spells in a hammock, idly looking at maps and guide-books while I decide where I am to lounge next. I feel that I have really made quite a gesture in getting this article finished at all. Excuse me, while I call my wife to run briskly with it to the post.

R. G. G. PRICE

TO EACH HIS ZONE

I WAS half-way home with the shopping before I realized I'd forgotten to buy the egg-whisk. In the ordinary way I would have called in on Hartopp, who has been handling our family's egg-whisk business for years, but it was a warm morning and I didn't feel inclined to plod back to his shop in the High Street. I decided to break new ground on this occasion and patronize Trevett's.

Wincing a little at Trevett's window display—a confused structure of wire fireguards buttressed by faded packets of soap powder—I pushed open the door and went in. The shop was deserted. I waited a few moments, whistling "Any Old Iron?" and finishing up with a vigorous step-dance in the Harry Champion manner. Nobody came. Growing impatient, I seized a mop from the counter and beat a tattoo on a convenient frying-pan. It gave me a pleasant feeling of belonging in some way to the J. Arthur Rank Organization.

It was then that I noticed a woman in a polka-dot overall and white linen cricket hat watching me from a recess behind the counter. She was seated on a stool, milking a giant barrel of paraffin into a bottle.

"Yes?" she croaked.

I put the mop quietly back on the counter. "Egg-whisks?" I inquired.

For a moment there was silence save for the hissing of the paraffin into the bottle. At last the woman spoke.

"Egg-whisks," she grated, "is Mr. Trevett." She removed her cheek from the glossy flank of the

barrel and flapped the brim of her hat at something behind me. I turned and saw that the shop, while presenting a united front to the street, was in fact two shops, bisected by a partition some eight feet high. There was a door in the partition with a board nailed across it. I concluded that traffic between the two zones had been suspended some time previously.

I went out into the street and entered Mr. Trevett's half of the shop. Mr. Trevett was leaning on the counter, crumbling a dog-biscuit between gnarled fingers. I asked for an egg-whisk.

Mr. Trevett shook his head wearily. "Egg-whisks," he said, "is Mrs. Trevett."

I gave a light laugh. "According to Mrs. Trevett," I said, "egg-whisks is *Mr.* Trevett."

Mr. Trevett sighed and scanned his disordered shelves with hopeless eyes. Then he tip-toed to the connecting door and tapped on it with the unexpected portion of the dog-biscuit.

"Sonia," he breathed.

There was no reply. I stepped up to the door. "Sonia!" I called, with an apologetic glance at Mr. Trevett. "Can you direct us to the egg-whisks?"

This time we heard a shuffling of carpet-slippers on the other side of the partition. Mr. Trevett grabbed me by the arm and dragged me away from the door. We crouched together behind the counter, waiting.

Mr. Trevett was the first to notice the piece of paper that had been slipped under the door. Leaning forward, he speared it with a garden fork and drew it into our hiding place. Over his shoulder I saw that it was a rough sketch-map of his shop, with the position of the egg-whisks marked with an X. I noticed with a thrill of fear that it had been signed by a human thumb dipped in paraffin.

It took us at least five minutes to orientate Mrs. Trevett's map, and rather longer to decide which of us should mount the ladder to reach

the shelf indicated. I was reluctant to deny Mr. Trevett the privilege, but he insisted that I, as the visitor, should be allowed to make the ascent.

We shook hands in silence and I began to climb, holding my hat at arm's length above my head to draw the enemy's fire. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Trevett had returned to her milking and I was able to reach the top unchallenged.

The upper shelves of Mr. Trevett's shop yielded a fascinating assortment of *fin-de-siècle* tea-pots, but no egg-whisks. I was about to call the whole thing off and come down when I happened to glance again into Mrs. Trevett's zone. There, hanging from a hook in the ceiling in company with a cluster of saucepans, was a little gem of an egg-whisk.

It was Mr. Trevett's suggestion that I should fish for it over the top of the partition with the long-handled secateurs. At my first attempt I hooked one of the saucepans and had to play it for thirty agonized seconds over Mrs. Trevett's shop before I managed to land it. Handing it to Mr. Trevett, I made a second cast. This time I must have torn the hook from the ceiling, for the remaining five saucepans came crashing to the ground at the entrance to Mrs. Trevett's paraffin-parlour. Mrs. Trevett emerged at the same moment, wiping her hands purposefully on a piece of cotton-waste.

From the top of the ladder I watched Mr. Trevett lock the street door and wedge a spade under the handle. Then I joined him behind the counter and we began quietly counting out the dog-biscuits into two equal portions.

§ §

"Wimbledon Tennis — Advertiser would Exchange B Book for A Book. Possibly vice versa."

Adet. in The Times

Why not both, if it amuses you?



OLD RECTORY

THEY are going to pull down the old rectory next year,
So I hear,
And put up an ugly little red
Brick one instead . . .

Which, of course, as you say,
Is the sensible thing to do.
Since who
Wants these great rambling places to-day . . .
That great drawing-room with the tall
Gracious windows that let in the sun and show all
The worn bits on the carpet and chairs . . .
The stairs
With their slender Queen Anne balustrades,
And the bedrooms—how many? nine, I suppose,
Not counting nurseries—and the schoolroom whose
paper still shows
Where the tinkling old Broadwood
Once stood
And was practised on year after year by girls
In crinolines, ringlets and curls;
Then the kitchens, immense, beetle-haunted and bleak,
And the vast yawning range that would swallow
Your coal for a year in a week . . .
The stabling, too, built long ago by some parson
Or squarson
Whose delight was to follow
The hounds every day (except Sunday, of course,
When he preached two dull sermons perforce) . . .
And all on four hundred a year,
And no maids . . .
So the days will go by, and the lawn will be knee-deep
in grass,
Where you scatter the seeds
Of the weeds
As you pass
On the borders once fragrant with flowers . . .
And the warm sunny hours
Bring no laughter, no flutter of muslins, no cries of
“Oh, oh,
You pig—just look—he’s sent me to Jericho!”
And the mallets are broken and rotten,
And the balls all lost and forgotten . . .
Ah well! . . . Yes, as you say,
No one wants these great places to-day . . .

C. FOX SMITH





"Watch your step, he's in a foul temper to-day."

THE PILOT

A PILOT was ther with us, soth to seye,
That coude of flying al the nexte weye;
A man he was ful tall and debonair:
Lyk any bridle he flew up-on the ayr,
And verray mayster was he of a kite;
In swifte gettes was his chef delite.
Flownen he had by many a straunge see;
At Berlin and at Hamborg had he bee
Y-lade with bombs in the kinges werre,
To Canterbury was he come from ferre
On lofte with his engyn, bright and shene.
Ful tretyss was his nose, his eyen kene,
And burnished with the sunne was his face:
Certes, of pilots was he right an ace.
He coude wel his gajets everichoon,
His stikke, his menage, and his lodestoon;
Trym was his cokkepit and al his gere;
Al blithe was he if the day were clere,
But al adrad he was of fogge and mist:
He coude nat see the ronnewaye, I wist,
Whenas he wolde bringe his craft to londe
If he were comen from a ferne strande.
He wered for the nonce a habergeoun
Al tight and bokkled from his sholdres down;
In broune was he clad from heed to foote,
And in his male he bar a parashoothe.
Ful hude wolde he speke, and laughe, and winke;
Thryes he had y-fallen in the drinke,
But alwey was he sauved, troth to telle.
This worthy pilot woned at Hannewelle.

G. H. VALLINS

How to Pot Lampreys with a Flintlock

"AND what," I asked, "is this toothsome dish?" "Ah, yes," I said. "Just so. Booberty."

After luncheon I was allowed to look at the book, which turned out to bear the name of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, and to be called *Traditional Fare of England and Wales*. I found Booberty on page 24, between *Hundred and One Pudding* and *Pease Pudding*, and the peroration of the receipt for the former chanced to catch my eye.

"Put the meat next to the crust," I read, *"and pile 101 potatoes and onions round it, boil a long time, the longer the better."*

At once the mists of memory cleared and it all came back to me: the old spacious days before tins, when *"the kitchen, so important a place when all food*

preparation and preservation was carried out in the home, was of necessity large, and contained a huge open fireplace to accommodate cauldrons for broth and a spit for roasting . . ."

We children, I recall, were supposed to be excluded from the pantry ("used for the distribution of bread and liquors") and the buttery, and were allowed to peep into the stillroom only on special occasions, such as birthdays. Turning the pages of this engaging small book, I recaptured from its contents ("some of which can only be looked on as of historical interest") all sorts of nostalgic memories.

I was, I suppose, too young to follow closely the arguments that raged sometimes in the housekeeper's room over the correct spelling and pronunciation of Fermenty. One said Fermyt and another Frumenty, while a visiting lady's maid from Nottingham, invited to a glass of madeira and a slice of seed cake, attracted some polite incredulity by insisting on Thruminty.

Battalia Pie (1747) strikes a more resounding chord. The receipt, which some have perhaps forgotten, goes like this:

"Take four small chickens, four squab pigeons, four sucking rabbits, cut them in pieces: season them with savoury spice, lay them in a pye, with four sweet-breads sliced, and as many sheeps' tongues, two shivered pallets, two pair lambs' hearts, twenty cox-combs with savoury balls and oysters, lay over with butter, close the pye."

The great pye used to go round the table on a trolley and the company jabbed at it in turn with a fork, on the principle of the bran tub but with the added and stimulating mitigation of a sweepstake. It was a great day when I acquired at one prod both the shivered pallets and a cox-comb. As food the haul was deplorable, but the pecuniary reward kept me in boasting pies and syllabubs from Oaks Day until Michaelmas.

Syllabubs! What innocent fun we hit on with the happy idea of inviting visitors to mix their own. They rarely seemed quite prepared for the stage at which, when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, you "take the bowl out to a quiet cow or goat and milk into the ingredients of bowl about 1 quart." (p. 43).

The book contains *An Old Northumbrian Recipe from Howick Hall* that is new to me and which calls for, among others, the following ingredients: 23 lb. laver leaves, 30 lb. hough beef, 6 rabbits or more, 1 bottle of vinegar, 1 ball string bladder (*sic*) and a child's spade. This interesting delicacy is lost to me for ever, I fear, since it takes three days to cook (perhaps to allow the vinegar time to dissolve the spade) and at one stage has to be stirred "for five hours never leaving it for a moment"; and who has the time for that nowadays?

There are many more fascinating items. Page 88, for instance, tells how to Dry Mushrooms and how to make Lavender Water, Summer Mills Cheese, Furniture Polish and Orange Marmalade. Some are inviting to a degree, such as *An Almond Posset* (1750), which begins "Grate the crumb of a penny loaf very fine" and ends "When you send it to table put in three macaroons to swim in the top." Some are not, and I for one am not drawn to *Fine Hanged Beef* (1747). "Let it hang in your cellar as long as you dare for stinking . . . boil it in hay and pump water . . . take off the mouldiness, as these operations bring the joint to a ripe age of some hundred and thirty-five days."

There are drinks too: *Burnett Wine*, *Grandmother's Black Currant Cordial* and the simple cottage tipple called *Shrub*, the first requirement for which is Five Gallons of Brandy.

Should anyone be so carried away by all this as to dine rashly off *Hanged Beef*, *Potted Lampreys* ("put them in your potting pot and cover with clarified butter") and Potato Whisky, he may turn again to page 88 for instructions "*To Help One Yt Is Bewitched* (1701)"; but on the whole I should stick to the Booberty, which is excellent, with Herb Beer, or perhaps a little Egg Wine (p. 91) to wash it down.



THE BICYCLE IN THE BED

"GILDING the lily, I call it," said the captain at the bar, morosely. He waved a hand. "Hardly the place. Silly in here."

Manley felt, as usual, a need to hang on to something solid. He gripped the edges of his stool, and waited.

"I'm doing it already, that's what," said the captain. "Stands to reason. I wouldn't be here otherwise." He stared down severely. "Ash-trays," he said. "Next thing it'll be on the glasses. Pointless. Maintain that with my last breath."

Manley stared down severely too. There was an ash-tray on the counter stamped with an advertisement advising people to drink beer. He caught up with the captain in one bound. "You could be drinking something else," he said, conscious of making a reasonable point. The captain's face froze into a grotesque expression of shock. "Of course, by you, I mean anyone else, I mean," said Manley and trailed off into silence.

The captain regarded him as if he were insane. "By me," he said slowly, "you mean anybody else. Um." He gulped a few mouthfuls and leaned on the bar. His face relaxed. "Very poor influence, you know, to-day. Inaccurate."

"What is?" asked Manley cautiously.

"Great hoardings," said the captain. "Buy this, buy that. You pay for it, you know. Goes on the price. No mistake about that. Advertising." He mused. "Exposed it once. Got no thanks for it. Quite the reverse."

"How!" said Manley.

"Five flights of stairs," said the captain. "Spiral, of course."

"Of course," Manley said.

The captain shot a keen glance round the bar. "Shouldn't have saved any time otherwise. I'd have had to stop to turn round. All right on a horse perhaps. I could have backed up on the landings. Still, the horse wouldn't have liked it. Not right. Dumb animal." He drank.

"Mind you," he said, "it's not likely I'd have found a horse in the bed, is it?"

"What were you on then?" asked Manley.

"Bicycle," said the captain. "Three speed."

"You found it in bed?" Manley said, with a strained smile. "That couldn't have been an ordinary thing, could it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the captain. "Nearly always in somebody's bed. On Fridays, naturally. I was first to ride it, though. Three speed wasn't much good. It wanted oiling."

"Why," said Manley desperately, "was it a normal thing to find a bicycle in the bed on Friday?"

"Mess night on Friday," said the captain. "Three things to do. Leapfrog over the furniture, hang the colonel's hat on the antlers and put the bike in somebody's bed. Every week alike. Got to be a tradition."

"Whose bike?" Manley said, hanging on.

"Regimental," said the captain. "Always outside the office. Nipped over and got it when the time came. Painted khaki. Sand in the paint to get it matt. No shiny parts, of course. Gives away position to the enemy in a trice. The sun flashes on a shiny part, next thing you know it's five rounds gunfire." He knocked on the bar. "Bang, bang, bang. Very dangerous thing, chromium."

"I'll remember it," said Manley. The barman, attracted by the knocking, came along to them and Manley bought the captain another bitter.

"Soon as I went to bed there it was. Handlebars on the pillow, covered up to the front forks. I took it out. No room for a man and a bicycle in a camp bed."

"You're right," Manley said.

"Propped it against the wall. No lights. Blackout on at the time. Significant, that."

"Very," said Manley, keeping his end up.

"I fell over the pedal getting into bed," said the captain, "and gave myself a terrible crack on the shin. Painful, the shin. Subcutaneous, you know, and it's always nasty to get one on the subcutaneous. M.O. for you in the morning, my lad, I said to myself. Never got there though. Soy-bean sausages came through at half past four in the morning."

"What?" said Manley.

"Soy-bean sausages. Alarm. Meant we had to roar out and repel boarders. Not the real thing, though. That would have been sausages."

"It would!"

"German invasion signal. What's the first thing you think of? Sausages. Right. So, of course, we had to get moving and out to the coast."

"What did you do?" Manley asked.

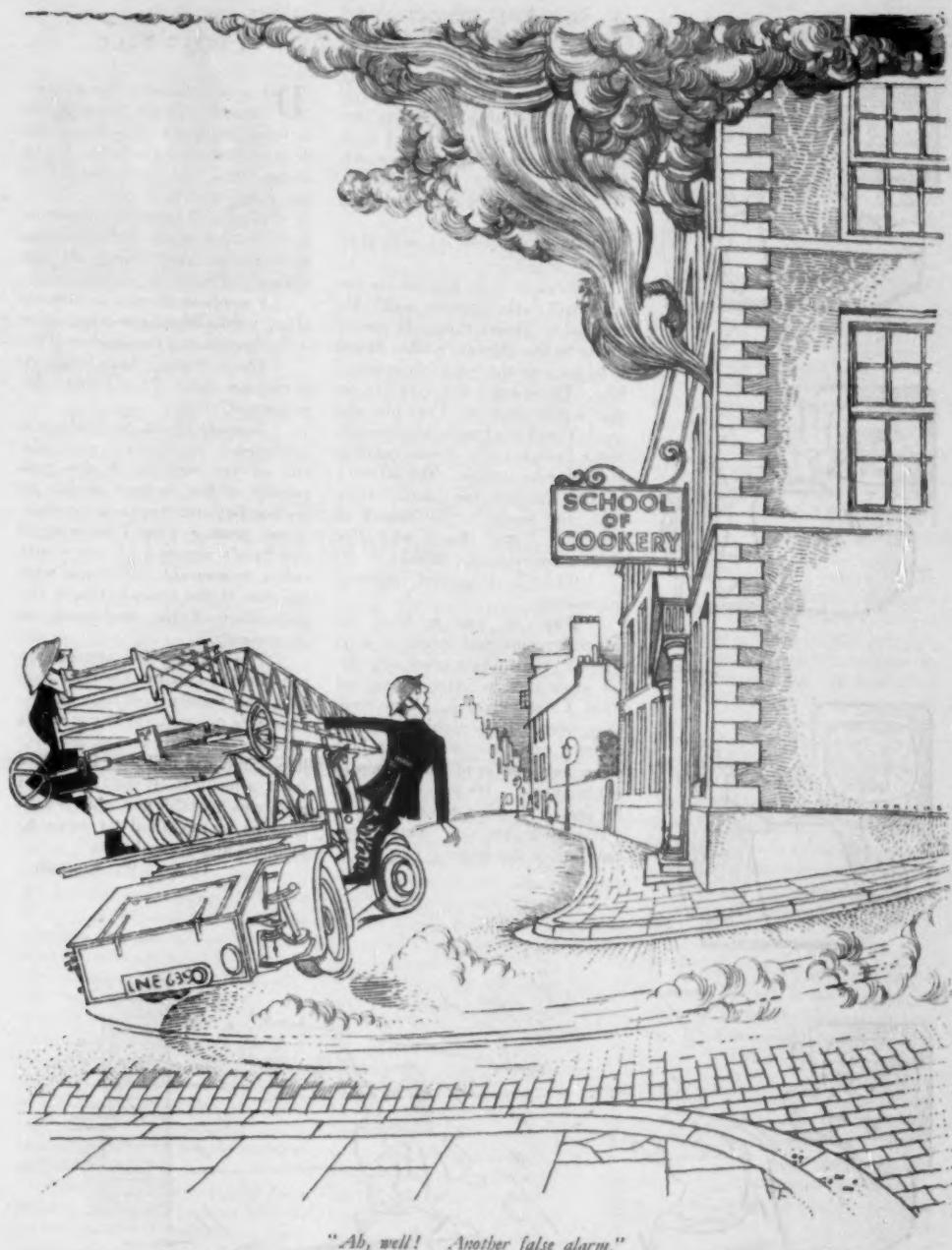
"Well, it was quite a situation," the captain said. "Saw it at once, as soon as I got up. It was the wrong bike. Chromium plate all over it. There must have been a mistake in the dark. It took me a long time to get dressed. The leg was smarting like a forest fire, stiff as a collar. Everybody else out, leaping into trucks. Looked as if I'd never get there in time, with this leg like a ramrod. I'll never make it, I said to myself. Hop, thump, hop, thump."

He limped round in a circle, bawling "Hop, thump," and returned to his stool.

"Then it struck me," he said. "So I wheeled the bike out. Got into the saddle and shoved off. Went down like a shot from a gun. The steering was a bit tricky, but I got the hang of it in two flights. Terrific muzzle velocity. Amazing. I'd have gone through armour plate by the time I hit the bottom." He ruminated. "Ruined," he said.

"Who, you?" said Manley, fascinated.

"The bike," said the captain. "As soon as it hit the flat it packed



"Ah, well! Another false alarm."



in. Front wheel collapsed. Went smack on my face. Up again in a trice. Nose bleeding, but not a minute to lose. I had to get on my truck." He gulped half his beer. "Some chaps outside. Heave this bike in the back, will you, I said. Couldn't leave it, you understand. Evidence. Might be anybody's. Well, we just got it on in time and off to the coast."

"What did you do with it?" Manley asked.

"Chucked it in a pond on the way back," the captain said. He laughed. "Funny thing. It turned out to be the adjutant's bike. Hired it to get into the town in the evenings. The colonel was very hot on petrol consumption. Cost him ten quid. I kept my tongue between my teeth, I can tell you. No use running yourself into trouble. The mystery of the disappearing bike. Only topic for weeks." He stared at Manley. "And that's why I'm against advertising," he said.

"Why?" demanded Manley, astonished.

"Why, it was a bike the advertisements said would go anywhere!" the captain cried, angrily. "I wrote them a letter telling 'em what I thought of it. Very cool, they were. It wouldn't go downstairs, I said. Never ridden a bike since, as a matter of fact. Keep to old Shanks's." He looked down at his feet. "Rubber soles," he said. "You stick 'em on. Very good. Saw 'em in the paper."

CROSS TALK

"Do you remember the azaleodendrons at the Royal Horticultural Society's Rhododendron Show—combining the scent of the azalea with the larger flower of the rhododendron?"

"They might have combined the lack of scent of the rhododendron with the smaller flower of the azalea."

"I suppose it was a chance. What would they have called them—rhazaleas? Rhazaleodrons?"

"There wouldn't have been any need for a name. They would have suppressed them."

"Imagine trying to produce a caulisprout, to combine with the size of the cauliflower the propensity of the brussels sprout to grow in large numbers round a stalk—and getting what I suppose (if you didn't suppress it) you would call a brusselcaul, combining with the size of the brussels sprout the disposition of the cauliflower to grow singly."

"I'm waiting for someone to combine the mustiness of the swede with the watery insipidity of the vegetable marrow. They can call it swedrow or marrede just as they like. They can boil it or bake it or fry it or pickle it. It shall never find a place on my table nor, while breath remains in me, shall its name be included in my vocabulary."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE





AKITCHENETTE is not only a kitchenette, it now transpires, but also a female member of a musical ensemble situated in Biglerville, Pennsylvania—"A Women's Civic Organization," so the letterhead advises us, "Whose Aim Is to Promote Good Fellowship Among Its Members and Establish a Park and Playground for the Community."

The letter (to a publishing house) from the Biglerville Kitchenettes lends some color to the belief that Americans are (a) great joiners, and (b) optimists. It implies also a willingness to search for ever newer techniques of attainment. But let the ladies speak for themselves:

GENTLEMEN.—*Less than two years ago, housewives, business women, and school teachers of Biglerville formed a kitchen band to promote a friendly spirit and establish a park and playground for our community. Kitchenettes are uniformed in red boots and red and white checked pinafores, topped off with kitchen utensils fashioned into hats. Led by our rolling-pin twirling drum majorettes, we strum our frying pan banjos, slide our curtain rod trombones, beat our washtub drums and improvise on our window screen accordions. We have rendered home-cooked music in parades, charitable institutions, for civic and social organizations and before the governor of Pennsylvania.*

Characteristic souvenir gifts from eminent and noted persons will be sold to the highest bidder at a community homecoming. Proceeds will be used for the park fund.

Since you have achieved outstanding success in the publishing world, a gift from you would bring a very high price. We hope to receive one or more books, preferably autographed. Any contribution no matter how large or small will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you for your participation in this worthy cause.

Please address package to:

**BIGLERVILLE KITCHENETTES
BIGLERVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA**

Sincerely,
**(Miss) RUTH LONGENECKER
Kitchenette Baton Twirler**

Baton twirling is an important vocation in the United States nowadays, where it is considered antisocial for a sizable crowd to assemble anywhere without benefit of a drum-

and-bugle corps led by a high stepping "drum majorette."

A certain amount of this probably does the other girls no

harm, but the deportment of the baton twirler suggests that the Olympics are overlooking a new competitive category which would make the decathlon seem mere baby play by comparison.

A good drum majorette must be able to lean back, at roughly a 45 degree angle, while marching forward with a high, wavy knee-action, in rapid tempo. It calls for about the same amount of effort as doing the *kazatchok*, only with the added maintenance of the baton in full twirl and the big smile. Anyone who thinks this is easy should try the *kazatchok* some time over a five-mile parade route.

The costume of most drum majorettes differs considerably from what the Biglerville group seem to be wearing. Briefly, it resembles what the uniform of a hussar in the chorus of *The Student Prince* might look like if adapted to set off a showgirl in the Folies Bergère. There isn't much of it—mostly headgear, boots, *fourragères*, etc.—and the wearer seems constantly to be on the verge of

squirming right out of it anyhow, so energetic is her performance. Every school and university attended by girls can muster any quantity of drum majorettes, and, given the least excuse, it will.

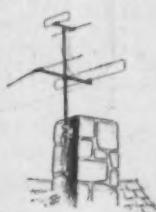
* * * * *

Where the drum majorette receives her first instruction in baton twirling is not altogether clear. The catalogue of the University of Indiana—a sound middle-of-the-road example of State university—lists courses in "Technique of Athletic and Clog Dancing," "Techniques of Conditioning and Bandaging for the Athletic Trainer," and "Techniques of Stunts, Tumbling and Gymnastics," but it makes no mention of baton twirlers *qua* baton twirlers. Somewhere in the university, one suspects, is a course for aspiring drum majorettes, and future catalogues will doubtless give the subject the full curricular status that it deserves.

The catalogue's failure to say something about baton twirling is mystifying, for the whole system of education is based on the principle of offering a specific course in literally everything. A student is offered a course in Urban Real Estate (to be precise, it's called "Supervised Readings in Urban Real Estate and Land Economics"), or Jewelry Design, or Control of Crime. There is a course simply listed as *The Family*. Meanwhile, because "schools of education" all over the country are teaching teachers how to teach this sort of thing, a word or two about these is necessary.

* * * * *

The school of education essays to teach the act, if not the art, of teaching, and everything imaginable that a teacher might do has become a part of its wares. These in turn are described in a lush, full-circle jargon peculiar to these schools; one develops the illusion—if one reads enough catalogues—that here are subjects now, for the first time in the history of mankind, susceptible of being taught. Most of the tax-supported school



systems take the school of education very seriously indeed, and the regulations of the local school departments usually prescribe a sizable amount of continuing study in a school of education as necessary for promotion. This keeps the educationists perpetually on the hop in bringing new courses to bear. A certain sameness would be felt by the student who went to summer school for fifteen or twenty years for re indoctrination in how to teach the three Rs, and after about the tenth time he might reasonably conclude that the curricula had been pretty thoroughly picked over.

So it is that the school of education is forever widening its offer—and its vocabulary. Here, for example, are a few courses as the Indiana catalogue describes them.

"602. The Thinking Process.

Mr. Martz.

Deals with the nature of reflective thinking, with special application to educational problems. Presents the techniques designed to improve thinking."

"618. Experimental Learning.

Mr. Fox.

Learning situations are analyzed to discover worthwhile problems. Methods and techniques for these problems are determined, and the problems are studied scientifically. The major purpose of this course is to make a real and practical contribution to the development process of the individual. Prerequisite, Education 518."

"675D. E. Coordination in Distributive Education.

Mr. Lewis,

Mr. Powers.

The duties, problems, and techniques of coordination and supervision of high school cooperative, adult, and part-time training programs in distributive education."

"681. Advanced Statistical Method

Applied to Education. Mr. Fox,
Mr. Fattu.

Course begins with partial and multiple correlation and other methods of measuring relationship. Problems of sampling, reliability, and validity in the use and interpretation of tests and measures in education and psychology, together with the design of research studies and experiments, are emphasized. Prerequisite, Education 581."

* * * *

The term "distributive education" sounds like something rather fancy, but it's really no more than education in how to be a clerk in a shop. Course 675D. E. does not, of course, teach one how to work in a shop, but how to teach teachers (who presumably don't work in shops) to supervise the efforts of other teachers (who don't work in shops either) to teach all sorts of people to work in shops.

The American system has not yet evolved a more rarefied school of education for the instruction of those who hold positions in the existing schools of education, but who is to say that it won't? In that case, we may be sure that baton twirling would be duly included. At the bottom would be the ultimate pupil, striving to strut and twirl. Next above would be a sort of Mrs. Chips, giving her years away as the selfless but somewhat specialized pedagogue; next, in the school of education, would be the grizzled old drum majorette of yesteryear from whom Mrs. Chips had learned her stuff. At the summit, teaching teachers how to teach teachers to teach baton twirling, would be the Grand Old Woman of all drum majorettes...

[If this correspondence seems to have dealt too extensively with the subject, it is hoped nevertheless that it answers, at least to some extent, H.B.'s question in the May 14 issue of *Punch*: "Are American educationists delivered over to claptrap?"] CHARLES W. MORTON



"They just don't seem to have the same critical sense these days."

AUNTS OF THE BRIDE

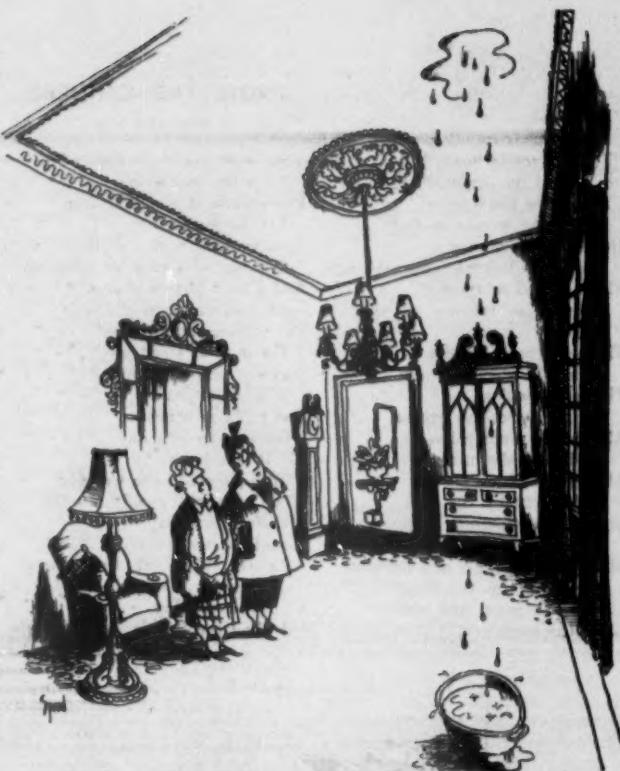
MY mother wrote and said she was extremely glad to hear that my cousin Margaret's wedding had gone off so well. She was really sorry that she and my father had not been able to go. She was sure Margaret would be terribly happy and she was very pleased about it.

But what was Gordon like? Why hadn't I told her in my letter? My mother had heard from Aunt Edith about him, of course, but she would like to know what somebody else thought. Was he tall? Was he good-looking? Was he really the foremost architect in London, at twenty-six? How did Margaret meet him? What kind of engagement ring did she have? How long had she known him before he proposed? What did his father do? Did I ask Aunt Edith why the family weren't told about it earlier? Did I ask Aunt Edith what she meant when she wrote to my mother and said "Isn't it strange that Margaret has married first when she is younger than the other children?"—meaning me and my other cousin, Elizabeth? What did Aunt Edith wear?

My mother was amazed to hear that Aunt Mabel was there. Aunt Edith hadn't been speaking to Aunt Mabel for years. Had they made it up then? My mother would write to Aunt Dora and find out all about it. What did Aunt Mabel wear?

Margaret's dress sounded lovely. My mother was dying to see the photographs. How many was I in?

Aunt Gertrude was terribly, terribly hurt. She had written to my mother and said she was. It was very childish of Aunt Edith just to ask her to the wedding just because she, Aunt Gertrude, hadn't asked her, Aunt Edith, to George's wedding. That hadn't been Aunt Gertrude's fault at all. She would have asked everybody, naturally, but George turned out like his father and absolutely refused to have any of the aunts. George had wanted a quiet wedding, and it would have been if it hadn't been for his friends, so it was probably



"We wouldn't worry, except that it hasn't rained for over a week."

quite a good thing that none of the aunts were there after all. And my mother agreed. It was a shame. Aunt Edith *should* have asked her. Aunt Gertrude was a beautiful knitter and Margaret would be sorry.

My mother was glad I had worn my green dress. Did everybody like it? What did they say about my earrings? Did I explain that my grandfather had brought them back from Singapore? How many wedding presents were there?

What were the other wedding guests like? Where were they going for their honeymoon? What was Gordon's mother like? What did she wear? Did I speak to her? What did she say? What was my hat like?

Now, my mother wrote, write and tell me all about it. Not just a

few scrappy sentences like my last letter but something she could talk about in the village and not have to stand and just listen all the time as if she hadn't got a family. Anyone would think I wasn't proud of my family and glad to pass on all the news.

MARJORIE RIDDELL

THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ARTISTS

The twenty-sixth exhibition of this Society, to which a number of *Punch* artists belong, opens at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, on July 11 and continues until July 30. It includes drawings, etchings, engravings and lithographs in colour and in black-and-white.

FROM THE CHINESE

A Woman's Work

"I AM a tender man,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"I weep for the women
When the women weep,
But I do not always
Understand why they are weeping.
There is loud complaint
About the labours of the
home.
The new word drudgery
Is heard instead of duty.
The toil is endless,
Say the sweet and women,
Always the preparation
Of rice for the men,
Always the dishes
Made dirty by the men.
Always the whitening of floors
For the feet of the men,
Always the cleaning and mending
Of raiment for the men.
Always the wood and water
For the men.

Yes," said the scribe Ching Fo,
"For the men alone.
For women, it is well known,
Left to themselves,
Need no food, water, or fuel.
Cooking, cleansing, or clothing.
And if by a fortunate pest
All men were extinguished
The women could recline
For ever at their ease,
Sucking, now and then,
A blade of grass
And nibbling a nut
On the seventh day.
Yet it is difficult
To understand the weeping
When men with steady mouths
Endure each day.
Consider the servant
At the place of the money-
changer,
All day, every day,
Adding the figures,

Counting the gains,
Taking away the debts.
What has he to show
At the set of sun?
'My Lord,' says the woman,
'What have you done this
day?'
'I have added figures,' he says,
'I have taken figures away.
It was a day like the day
before,
And the day that is coming.'
But the woman, more blessed,
Has something to show.
The dishes that were dirty
Are white and gleaming,
In the pots for cooking
The man can perceive his
face.
Rice could fittingly
Be served on the floor,
The children, well-washed,
Recite their verses,
Or show new skill
At the musical instrument.
All things are better
Since the dawn of day;
At the money-changer's
All are the same.
Each day is different
In the life of woman:
One day the boy-child
Falls from a tree,
One day the girl-child
Is bitten by a scorpion,
One day the well is dry,
But on the next
The cruel rain
Pours through the roof.
One day an evil spirit
Enters the kitchen,
The fire will not burn,
And the best dish is broken.
The next day the man-child
Lies in a fever,
And a mad dog
Mutilates the goat.
Monotony?" said the scribe,
"The life of woman
Is as monotonous
As the life of a dog
Tied in a sack
With an ape and a serpent.
I do not understand
The weeping and complaining."

A. P. H.





Impressions of Parliament



Monday, June 30

It seemed—as MR. CHURCHILL remarked on a famous occasion—quite like old House of Commons : times, when, in the House of Commons to-day, we had a Lloyd George in full action once more. And Major Gwilym Lloyd George certainly was in full action.

He was defending himself and the Government against charges that they had failed to keep the cost of living within reasonable bounds and had thereby failed to keep their election promises.

Much of the debate was along what a Member of the other House calls "Yah-boo!" lines, with one side declaring that the other had failed completely to carry out any of the rosy promises made at the election, and the other retorting that six years of applied Socialism had made it impossible to do anything—but try urgent economic first-aid for a stricken nation.

The shape of the debate was familiar enough—rather too familiar for the liking of those who have to hear all the debates, day after day. But there were some refreshingly new trimmings to this one, as might be expected with the witty and lively Major in charge of the battle. For instance, when he rose to reply to MR. SHINWELL, who had opened the debate for the Opposition, the Minister referred to Mr. S.'s hopeful comment that he wanted his questions answered "without any passing of the buck."

"I propose," replied the Major, "to pass the buck as much as I possibly can!"

And pass it he did, very effectively. Rises in food prices? Well, yes, the Socialists had a right to talk with authority of *them*, since (with the single exception of the year 1919) food prices had risen more in their six years of office than ever before in history. And this melancholy process was at its height in the last ten months of Labour rule.

This very forthright challenge

brought a crashing cheer from the Government benches, and produced gloomy silence on those opposite. So the Minister, with the light of battle in his eyes, pointed an accusing finger at the Opposition and cried: "They sent the index rocketing upwards and then have the impudence to say they must not be held responsible!"

Flicking open a folder of tables, graphs and figures, he went on to give a lot more facts in support of his contention that the "buck" really belonged across the way, and not on his doorstep.

It was in vain that MRS. BESSIE BRADDOCK shouted: "Women are

in the salary of the Minister—just to "larn" him. The wit supply seemed to have given out by this time; when MR. BOYD-CARPENTER, for the Government, was concluding the debate, he said: "I will now read some wise words."

MR. SHINWELL: That will be a change!

MR. BOYD-CARPENTER: In a debate opened by you, it certainly will be!

MR. BOTTOMLEY's motion was eventually defeated by 301 votes to 274.

Tuesday, July 1

Nobody, looking calmly on the scene in the House of Commons to-day, would have suspected that a censure motion on the Government was under discussion. The place was delightfully cool—thanks to the air-conditioning apparatus—and the political temperature was to match. The censure motion complained of the failure of the Government to get better consultation with the United States over the conduct of operations in Korea.

It was moved by MR. PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, in a speech of such studied moderation that some of his more extreme supporters interrupted tersely or angrily from time to time. Perhaps because, by all accounts, there had been a dress-rehearsal of the civil war at a Party meeting a few hours earlier MR. N.-B. did not seem surprised or put off. He merely underlined, very gently, the sentiments of the motion of censure. It was left to MR. MICHAEL FOOT, a member of the Bevan group, to say outright, a little later, that, in the view of the Party rank and file, the motion was not nearly strong or condemnatory enough.

MR. CHURCHILL, making the leading speech for the Government, took full—but very gentle—advantage of the evident differences in the ranks opposite—their "twistings, twirlings and convulsions" as he

Impressions of Parliamentarians

—Lord Lawson

not interested in *indexes*, but in *prices!*"

The Minister rattled off some more figures. The spending of £190 million on tobacco, £173 million on drink and £80 million on entertainments—all in the first quarter of this year—those, he declared challengingly, were not the spending figures of a people hard up against the cost of living.

MISS JENNIE LEE and MRS. MANN severally despaired of the Minister. Miss Lee lamenting the "embarrassment and distress" she felt when listening to this reactionary son of a radical father, and Mrs. MANN crying out even more bitterly against his absence, at a later stage in the debate, from the Government Front Bench. It is hard to please everyone.

The debate was wound up for the Opposition by MR. ARTHUR BOTTOMLEY, who moved a cut of £5



"Of course, it's really my script writer who should be sitting here."

called them. He commented that the motion was really one of censure on the Labour Leadership—or, alternatively, that it was an attempt by the leaders to look angry with the Government, without committing themselves too far. There had, he admitted, been a mistake by the United States Government in not letting our Government know of the proposal to bomb Korean electric power stations—it was due to one official thinking another *had* done so. These things would happen, even in the best-regulated friendships between nations, and, while it was regrettable, there was no sense in getting tragic about it or in nagging. Anyway, he asked the House to reject the censure motion, ill-considered as it was.

The debate was then thrown, so to speak, to the back-benches, and, with one or two minor spurts of fire, smouldered its way to the end, late at night, when Mr. KENNETH YOUNGER wound up for the Opposition. His was surely the gentlest speech ever made in winding up a censure debate—full of such phrases

as "With great respect to the Prime Minister . . ." and "I would venture to suggest . . ." The courtesy was appreciated on the Government side, but it seemed to have a refrigerating effect on the Opposition back-benches.

MR. SELWYN LLOYD, the Minister of State (who had made a long and detailed report, before the debate began, on his own visit to Korea with Lord ALEXANDER), was at least as gentle in his reply for the Government, and it came almost as a shock when he asked the House to reject the censure motion, so very naive and polite was the whole affair.

Lord ALEXANDER gave the House of Lords a statement on the lines of Mr. LLOYD's. He left, in Lord LAWSON's view, the subject of Syngman Rhee rather up in the air—a position that Lord L. said he would prefer to see occupied by Syngman Rhee himself.

Old Parliamentary Hands were unable to recall an occasion on which such preliminary fury had produced so gentle a zephyr. And the curious fact is that *nobody* seemed to mind.

Wednesday, July 2

MR. SHINWELL raised the question of a speech made by Lord ALEXANDER to the Canada Club in London last night, complaining that it had given a view on the military situation in Korea which had been withheld from Parliament.

Mr. CHURCHILL put up a big fight for his colleague and old friend, but agreed that the statement made had been "unfortunate"—though quite "harmless."

But this line was clearly no good to Mr. S., and, for the better part of an hour, points of order, long questions and attempts to get the House adjourned to allow of a special debate rained on Mr. Speaker. He firmly refused the special debate.

In the Other Place Lord SALISBURY made much the same statement as the Prime Minister had made, Lord JOWITT was generously understanding, and Lord ALEXANDER added a few brief words. And that was the end of it. Not for nothing is it called *Another Place*.

AT THE
PLAY*The Millionairess* (NEW)—*They'll Arrive To-morrow* (IRVING)

FOR a rationalist who believed in the power of the brain to settle everything, SHAW had a strange weakness for the bandit mentality. Even his long association with the Webbs never quite convinced him that municipal statistics were better weapons than a loud



(*They'll Arrive To-morrow*
Jonah—MR. PETER WYNGARDE

voice and a strong fist. In the preface to *The Millionairess* he admits the menace of the tyrant, domestic and otherwise, but goes on to the amazing statement (for 1935) that Mussolini had proved himself a true organ of democracy; and in the play itself he first shows us the storm-havoc wrought by a woman of boundless vitality, and is then completely won over to her side.

The Millionairess has had to wait all this time for a stage in the West End, and small wonder. It is a windy and broken-backed farce, lit only occasionally by flashes of the earlier SHAW. The first act promises a battle royal between its bulldozing heroine of unlimited horse-power and a quiet little woman sitting with unshaken confidence in the middle of the heroine's path; but nothing comes of this. SHAW seems to have forgotten his promise and to have decided to let his heroine rip and make the others listen. He offers no solution to the problem of this fascinating monster who tears up other people's lives to add a little

pin-money to her beggarly seven hundred thousand a year—not even arsenic.

And yet this diluted and shapeless Shaw makes us sit up with an attention worthy of a better play. The miracle is due partly to a cast so admirably selected that each individual brings his own richness to situations that are sometimes good, though fleeting; partly to Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL's cunning production; but overwhelmingly to Miss KATHARINE HEPBURN. One cannot tell from this one freak appearance how wide or deep a range Miss HEPBURN possesses, because one has never before seen acting like it. She is the Battersea Power Station encompassed in a slim, angular body, racing about the stage on tiptoe; a monsoon of Force 10, as sailors might (or might not) say. No merely human defences could hope to withstand her. In this part, for which she might have been born, her effect is enormous. And, in spite of the absurdities, towards the end she is almost moving. Even the harshness of her voice she turns to advantage.

In absolute contrast Miss MERIEL FORBES gives a most beautiful performance. With very little to say, it is what she is when she sits still that takes one's breath. Mr. CYRIL

RITCHARD is delightful as the hedonist mangled by the tyrant, Mr. ROBERT HELPMANN as the Egyptian doctor falls in love with her amazing pulse in a finely eccentric way, and Mr. CAMPBELL COTTIS bumbles splendidly as the preposterous solicitor.

For *They'll Arrive To-morrow*, a play by Mr. NATAN SHAHAM about an Israeli outpost surrounded by Arabs, there is this to be said, that it avoids propaganda. Its set-up is very similar to that of "Journey's End," but there the comparison stops, for it fritters away its dramatic possibilities in ethical debates that convey little sense of urgency. The characters are sincere, but sincerity is not enough; the Arabs might be a thousand miles away, and even the uncharted mines surrounding the position are only vaguely menacing. Of a moderate cast Mr. PETER WYNGARDE, as the platoon-commander, is much the best.

Recommended

Dial "M" for Murder (Westminster) is the cleverest crime-play for years. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* has returned deservedly to the Old Vic. *Sweet Madness* (Vaudeville) is funny. ERIC KROWN



The Lady—MISS KATHARINE HEPBURN
The Doctor—MR. ROBERT HELPMANN

at the
PICTURES



(*The Importance of Being Earnest*)

Lady Bracknell—EDITH EVANS; *Algernon Moncrieff*—MICHAEL DENISON; *Gwendolen Fairfax*—JOAN GREENWOOD; *Caron Chasuble*—MILES MALLESON; *Miss Prism*—MARGARET RUTHERFORD; *John Worthing*—MICHAEL REDGRAVE; *Cecily Cardew*—DOROTHY TUTIN

The Importance of Being Earnest
Tora-No-O

WILDE battles brilliantly against those responsible for the film-adaptation of *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH), and in spite of all they can do emerges a handsome winner. No one is given a credit for the screen-play, a fact which at first suggests that Wilde's dialogue has been used undictated; later on the suspicion is kindled that whoever was accountable preferred to have his name kept dark. If it were possible to wreck this indefeasible comedy, the determined underlining of every joke, which is the direction's principal characteristic, would wreck it: those meaning looks, those raised eyebrows, those quick cuts to a face breaking out into a half-suppressed smile; the flower-wreathed handbag under its glassdome; the interpolated glimpses of Jack in his bath and Lady Bracknell in the "luggage train"—must film humour be so arch or so obvious? Come to that, when Wilde's stage-direction says "an electric bell," why use an old-fashioned jangling one? Why allow Dr. Chasuble, if one is to be

among the cast. Dame EDITH EVANS' *Lady Bracknell*, though she sometimes sounds like Hermione Gingold in a Monday-evening broadcast, dominates the company like a battleship at a naval review; JOAN GREENWOOD's exquisite Gwendolen is on an equally high level (what depths of fun she finds even in such a simple sentence as "You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar!"); and DOROTHY TUTIN, new to films, is a charming Cecily. MICHAEL REDGRAVE and MICHAEL DENISON seem a little *healthy* as the two bogus Ernests; indeed, one of the more incomprehensible additions to the script is the suggestion that Algry rides before breakfast. On the whole, the wit coruscates prettily throughout; WILDE is the real star.

"Tiger's tail" is the literal meaning of *Tora-No-O* (Director: AKIRA KUROSAWA). The story is a simple folk-tale of a young aristocrat of mediæval Japan persecuted by his elder brother. He flees with a little band of followers; but there are guarded posts to be passed before they are safe. Dressed as wandering priests, they reach the Ataka Barrier; there they disguise the

young man as a porter while Benkei, one of the followers, poses as leader and tries to bluff the commanding magistrate. Dealing cunningly with a series of near-disasters, he persuades this good but gullible officer so effectively that they are allowed through and even

regaled with *saki* in generous measure. The subtlety of the same director's "*Rashomon*" is missing, and so is its sense of urgent yet formal movement; sometimes the camera dwells motionless for minutes at a stretch on the endless "mugging" of KENICHI ENOMOTO (a kind of Japanese George Formby) as a comic porter, or the solemn posturing and declaiming of Benkei (DENJIRO OKUCHI), who at times emits sounds I had hitherto associated only with the dog Goofy. The result, to quote from a typically charming sub-title, "is painful to the human eyes, Bringing to them a series of sighs." On the credit side are a few lovely compositions with leaves or clouds. As the piece lasts under an hour, it is worth seeing out of curiosity—if there is another good film in the programme.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

At the Continental, *Olivia*, a kind of French "Mädchen in Uniform," contains superb acting by Edwige Feuillère; the delicate subject of schoolgirl infatuation is sensitively treated. *Fantasia* (6/3/51) gets a welcome revival at Studio One, paired with a fair Italian whodunit, *L'Uomo al Guanto Grigio*. Among a medium batch of releases



(*Tora-No-O*)
The Porter—
KENICHI ENOMOTO

The Wild North (6/2/52) is worth a visit for its colour-pictures of Canadian scenery.
B. A. YOUNG



Booking Office



Two of Life's Lovers

Rumour and Reflection. Bernard Berenson. *Constable*, 30/-
Llewelyn Powys: A selection from his writings made by
Kenneth Hopkins. *Macdonald*, 16/-

IT was, Mr. Berenson told us in his "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," the reading of Gide's Journal that suggested to him that he, too, should keep a diary. With the diary at length before us, a thought back to Gide's famous volumes is almost inevitable. For if Mr. Berenson has neither the French writer's creative imagination nor his mastery of language, and is less than his equal in intellectual subtlety, he has not a little in common with him. With interests and curiosities as various and wide-ranging, he offers us much the same synthesis of aesthetic, intellectual and moral approaches, and displays a like balance between detachment and engagement.

Gide's book was the work of a lifetime. *Rumour and Reflection* is the product of less than four years, and when he embarked on it its author was half-way through his eighth decade. What gives it its particular interest, beyond that which must in any circumstances attach to the findings of so distinguished an intelligence, is the situation in which, during those years, the diarist found himself. For the years were 1941 and its successors, Mr. Berenson is an American citizen who has lived all his adult life in Italy, and in Italy he remained, an enemy alien surrounded by friends, even when the peninsula had become a battleground.

This does not mean that he was *au-dessus de la mêlée*. His allegiance to his own country and the allied cause is as unequivocal as his condemnation of Fascism, Nazism and, indeed, all intemperate manifestations of the nationalist spirit. But it put him in a position to view the conflict from an unusual angle, to have access to a specialized selection of the facts of it—or the "rumours," as he prefers to call them; and this, in conjunction with a philosophic habit of mind, does sometimes give his comments and speculations an air of almost inhumanly dispassionate aloofness. "Thinking of amusing experiments," he can write, "an entertaining one would be to watch a European continent with the British Islands not only conquered but swept clean of their inhabitants . . . and their place taken by Germans and their subjects." A shocking sentiment—but only the opening gambit of a game which Mr. Berenson is fond of playing, the logical-fanciful extension of the facts of the moment (this was March 1941) into a not altogether incredible future.

Mr. Berenson, however, is not entirely preoccupied with the war and its consequences. He often retires into history or literature. He reads "Waverley" for the first time, discovers Charles Louis Philippe; or jots down charming little impressions of the Tuscan scene. Rarely, except in length of memory, does he suggest the octogenarian. "I could have wished the snow harder,"

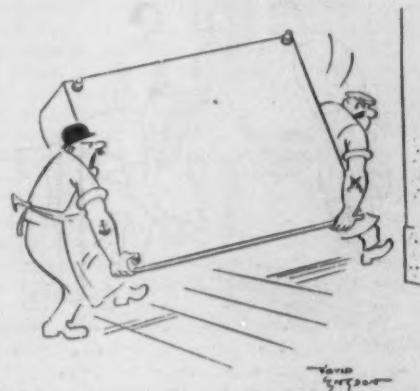
he records after a morning's walk, "for I still enjoy crunching it underfoot, as I enjoy crunching crusts with my teeth."

Such enjoyment, if little else, links him with the late Llewelyn Powys. For both men this world is something to be made the most of, to be savoured to the full, for they acknowledge no other. Powys was prone to dramatize his paganism, and in his philosophizing there are the marks of the consumptive's hectic clutch on life. But whenever he is down to the visible and tangible earth, or delving among his memories, or re-creating some congenial figure of the past, his writing is as sane as it is rich and evocative. At times elaborate, it is never artificial; for "close contact with natural scenes is a mighty protection against the conceit of pedantry." It is as "racy of the soil" as Hardy's; and Mr. Kenneth Hopkins has done a good deed in making a generous and satisfying selection from it.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

Prisoners of Hope. Michael Calvert. *Jonathan Cape*, 16/-

Colonel Calvert's book has a twofold interest. In the first place, his account of 77 Brigade's operations under his command behind the Japanese lines in Burma (where they formed part of Wingate's force) gives a portentous picture of the "area warfare" of the future, in which large columns may operate with only air supply and wireless control. In the second place, it shows with exemplary detachment the problems that have to be faced by the commander of such an expedition. Colonel Calvert, a man of great bravery and cold judgment, is quite frank about his mistakes, when he considers they were mistakes, and his shortcomings, if



"Starboard, mate, starboard! . . ."

they were shortcomings ("You send some very strong signals, Calvert," said General Stilwell when they met. "You should see the ones my Brigade Major wouldn't let me send," Calvert answered). He also writes, it must be added, with a wit, a lucidity and an eye for significant detail that put his book in the very highest class of its kind.

B. A. Y.

In South Africa. Francis Brett Young. *Heinemann*, 15/-.

Love, goes the cliché, is blind; and Mr. Francis Brett Young's love and admiration for his country, patently exhibited in his new book *In South Africa*, lead him to produce an idealized portrait which is instinct with desire to please. Here, in a dozen lyrical snapshots of Durban, Maritzburg, Capetown, George, East London and Pretoria, you see the beloved sleekly at her best in the sunshine, decked with white magnolias, praised, petted, and adored. Her every mood, the weather, the fauna, the landscape, the crops, even the towns, Mr. Brett Young tells us with enthusiasm, can scarcely be equalled anywhere on earth; her past—and a remarkably brief past for a modern country—is conventionally sketched in; and her future glows with diamonds, wealth, and power. Other things behind this façade of beauty—the near-slaves, Bantus and others, including adolescents who work in the mines, the Indian problem, the hate campaign underlying the surface, the provincialism and short-sightedness to be found in places—Mr. Brett Young refers to briefly or ignores. The author denies that he has written a travel-book; in fact, he is as masterly in his portrayal of the presentable nice ness of his subject as any R.A.

R. K.



"Good-oh, it's rough. I'll have Miss Bellington, first service, this end, and we'll use your balls."

Freshman's Folly. Dacre Balsdon. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 10/-.

An onslaught of miscellaneous characters complicates the opening of what is altogether a complicated tale. Mr. Balsdon, of course, does not intend his Oxford University (1952) to be taken seriously, but much of his fun is necessarily esoteric and it is difficult for the non-initiate to assess its appeal. His dons seem better than his tiresomely absurd freshman, but even dons, though rich material, command but a minority audience. Towards the end his ingenuity flags, but he has meantime given us some enjoyable phrases—College bells chiming "like an old man counting his change," dons and undergraduates "like a leech and a vampire embracing and then discovering they belong to different blood groups." These and a general vividness of dialogue and character disguise the silliness of the story. Mr. Verdant Green, who went up just a century ago, would not recognize his Oxford; his creator would find the spirit of mockery reorientated but resilient.

H. B.

SHORTER NOTES

The Story of Watches. T. P. Camerer Cuss. *MacGibbon*, 25/- Admirable, profusely illustrated account of the evolution of time-measuring mechanisms, with special focus on the watch, by an expert in command of a lucid, pleasant English. Mathematical theory and superb craftsmanship together achieving ever greater precision and compactness through four centuries, the craftsman drops out. "Watchmaking is now precision engineering—plus." No more Tompions or Breguetts. A pity that the printing process chosen (offset) smothers the finer detail of the plates.

A Many-Splendoured Thing. Han Suyin. *Jonathan Cape*, 15/-. Combines a rather undistinguished notion of romance with a vivid study of the Chinese débâcle, based on Hong-Kong and Chungking. The English newspaper correspondent, who contemplates divorcing his wife for a Eurasian doctor, is a stock figure; but the discerning reader will find ample compensation in his background.

Harpoon at a Venture. Gavin Maxwell. *Hart-Davis*, 21/-. A dream of owning an island, conceived during a London air-raid, became in due course reality. Mistakenly, perhaps, the dreamer tried to combine with it the more mundane business of commercial shark fishing. Like many post-war ventures, it ended in failure. But it left the author with material for an exciting and colourful narrative, as well as a store of nostalgic memories of Hebridean seas.

Crime On My Hands. Robert Chapman. *Werner Laurie*, 10/6. Wild life in Sussex. Free-lance journalist busts murder gang and wins professional connection with the best papers. Great fun and much better written than the plot really deserves.

Ancient Egypt. J. E. Manchip White. *Wingate*, 21/- Business-like introduction to Egyptology. Author more interested in architecture and sculpture than in social and economic organization; but all aspects of Egyptian life and history are covered with brisk, almost ruthless, efficiency. Occasional grim joke. Highly recommended to follow information-addicts. Well illustrated.

Call Back Yesterday. Anne Meredith. *Faber*, 12/6. The inextricably interwoven stories of two sisters, with that curiously Victorian, sinister streak expected of Miss Meredith. Many minor characters provide their background. A well-told tale, with consolations for the right people and surprises for readers, but not sympathetic.

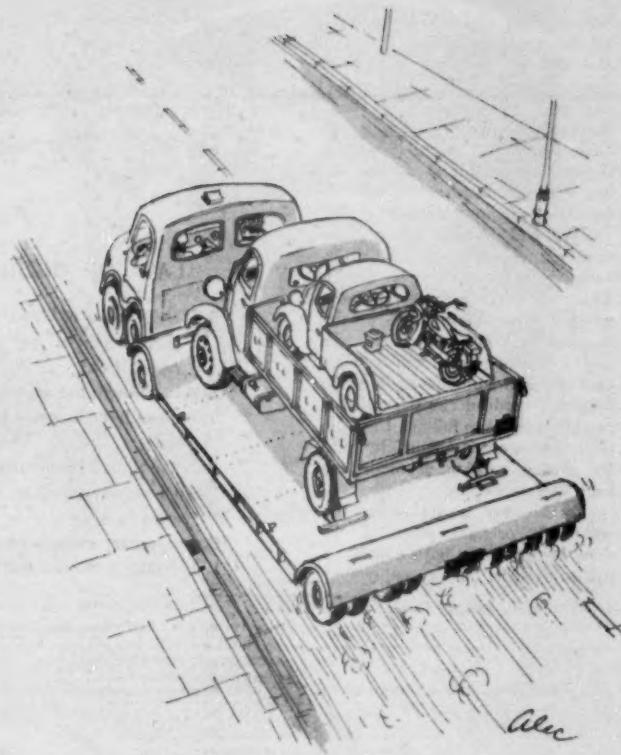
The Desert in the Heart. Peter Gladwin. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6. Exceptionally interesting first novel. Life in the raw at Gorindery, an Australian mining camp full of drunks, grafters, racketeers and social misfits. Plenty of action, occasional violence and a steady stream of homely philosophy. Good reading.

SURFEIT

ON Monday the milkman left an extra bottle on the step with the milk, together with a friendly postcard in printed handwriting saying he was sure we should like it, but if we didn't he would take it back without obligation. My daughter, accepting the manuscript as genuine and entranced by this personal appeal and by the pinkness of the stuff itself, dug into it in the hall and said it was whacko. We got the bottle away in time for us all to try a spoonful at breakfast. My mother said it was very nice, but she thought it *did* need a lot of sugar. My uncle said he didn't know about the strawberry flavour, but the stuff itself was like *dabee*, dash it. They always used to have it in the hot weather. Wonderful for *hazree* with a bit of *cheenee*, cure any stomach infection. My wife wasn't sure about the strawberry flavour either, but the woman in *Home Talk* said it was good for slimming, and we might try it as long as it didn't cut into the sugar too much. I liked it all ways. The milkman had us all at his mercy, and on Tuesday we took two, one pink and one white.

My wife shared the white with my uncle, who wiped his moustache and said it reminded him of Amritsar. I had as much of the pink as I could get away from my daughter. My mother, who came down late, said she had rather fancied a little, if we thought we could spare the sugar, but it didn't matter, she wasn't much of a one for breakfast anyhow. Next day we got two pinks and a white.

My daughter had a pink to herself and followed it with a fried egg. She went off to school looking flushed and abstracted. My uncle told us about the time he had gone to visit his old *risaldr* near Hazara for a bit of *shikdr*, and was very apologetic when he found he had finished the white during the course of his story. My wife said we had to keep some for my mother. I had porridge instead. On Thursday we took two of each.



My uncle and I each had a white one, and I must say it was splendid. He told me about a *pahlwān* at the village of his friend the Khan near Multan. Used to train on it entirely. Tremendous feller. Picked up a buffalo once. It made me feel cool inside and wonderfully full of potential energy. My daughter was half-way through her pink one when she suddenly pushed it away and said she felt full. My wife, who had been looking a little wistfully at the remaining pink, said never mind, it would do for my mother when she came down. She took over the other pink one herself.

We never got beyond four. I thought privately I could do with another white, and I am sure my uncle could have; but it never got to that. On Friday the milkman left four, but my daughter said she'd

have porridge. My mother astonished us all by taking a whole pink in her stride, but every time she said could she have just a little more sugar, it did seem to need rather a lot, my wife, working stoically through the other pink without sugar, looked more positively alarmed, and we agreed afterwards that three would be quite enough.

Unfortunately we overslept, as we often do on Saturdays, and found four on the step with our much reduced requirements of milk. My uncle, who had come down full of cogent and interesting remarks about denationalization, was transported as early as his second mouthful, and spoke of the excitements of *nezzabzī* during cold weather spent at Dera Ghazi. My daughter was still on porridge, and as soon as we had finished my wife whipped the

bottles away and told us to finish off the remaining pink between us. We did so, but the strawberry flavour seemed a bit cloying, and my uncle was noticeably silent. My mother looked round when she came down, but seeing no bottles decided on toast and marmalade; she was not much of a one for breakfast anyhow, she said.

We had already taken three next morning when my wife discovered she was putting on weight. This was a recurrent discovery, which nevertheless always demanded fresh measures. My uncle and I finished our whites with undiminished enjoyment, but he fancied scrambled egg (he called it rumble-tumble) to follow. I ate the pink and went thoughtfully into the garden, looking it might be, for a buffalo to pick up.

By Monday, a week after the milkman's original postcard, we were down to two, both whites. I still enjoyed it, but my enjoyment

was marred by the need to finish it before my mother appeared and by my uncle's conversation, which now for longer and longer stretches lapsed almost completely into the vernacular.

My wife was up early next

morning. My uncle said "Ha! Porridge!" and embarked upon an amusing account of the previous evening's bridge. We have not, at the time of writing, referred to the matter again.

P. M. HUBBARD

6 6

LAW OF INCREASING RETURNS

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Have changed our public statues beyond all
recognition;
When, through the secret ministry of snow and frost,
The noses have dropped off and the fingers have been
lost,
And the philanthropic frowns and the mayoral chains
Have been smoothed by the friction of innumerable
rains—
Contemporary guide-books, one may be tolerably sure,
Will boldly attribute the whole lot to Henry Moore.

E. V. MILNER



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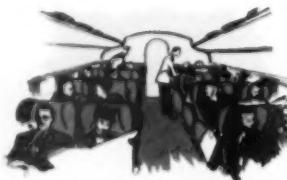
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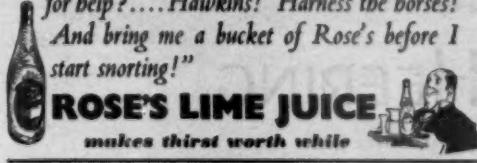
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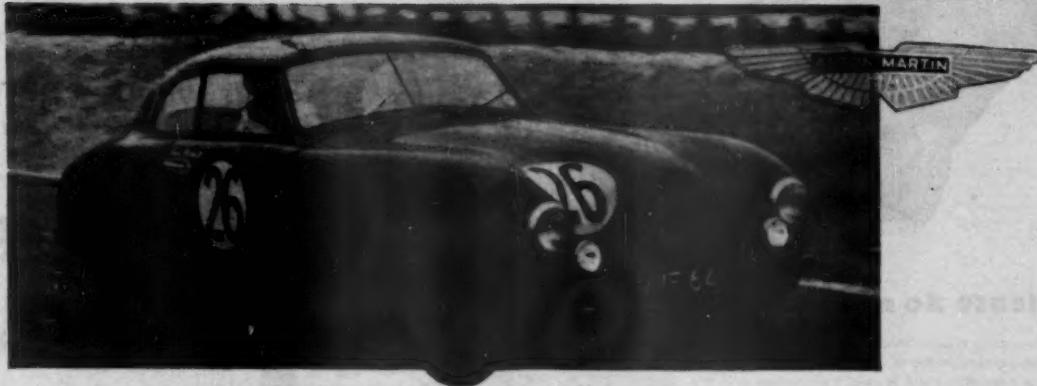
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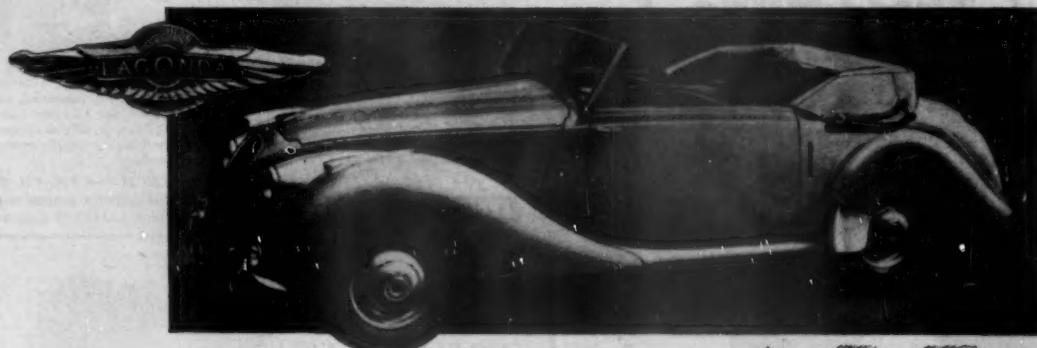
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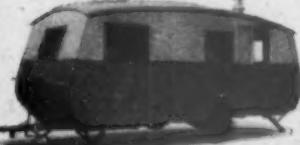
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William the Lion, crowned in Scone in December, 1165, married Ermengarde de Beaumont who was cousin to the English King, Henry II, in 1186.

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